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BURT OLSON, Editor and Proprietor.
OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY
TERMS: $1.25 Per Year
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Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Daniel H. Hastings.
Lieutenant Governor—Walter Lyon.
State Treasurer—James S. Beacom.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—James Latta.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—A. G. Olmsted, Coudersport.
Additional Law Judge—Thomas A. Morrison, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. W. Stone, Warren.
State Senator—Walter T. Merrick, Blossburg.
Members of Assembly—Herman H. North, [illegible] Dempsey, Bradford.
District Attorney—Sheridan Gorton, Smethport
Sheriff—J. F. Davis, Smethport.
Prothonotary—J. W. Mitchell, Bradford.
County Treasurer—B. F. Clark, Bradford.
Commissioners—Wm. A. Young, Smethport; Lewis Davis, Kane; Thomas F. Hungiville, Smethport.
Commissioners' Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Auditors—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brooder.
Jury Commissioners—L. W. Freeman, J. C. Cannon, Jr.
Coroner—A. R. Cory, Coryville.
Mercantile Appraiser—S. F. Cory, Coryville.
Surveyor—R. H. Sherman, Kendall Creek.
County School Sup't—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—L. K. Hogarth.
Council—D. C. Young, president; Warley Gifford, secretary, J. Colegrove, treasurer; Carl [illegible], Burg Chadwick, Ed. Hungerford, Chas. Johnson.
Justices—R. E. Knapp, W. Stark.
Constable—H. [illegible] Burlingame.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo president, Jane S. Forsythe secretary, Minna Gifford treasurer, Katharine McKean, Jno. N. Apple, J. A. [illegible].
Collector—E. T. Daly.
Assessor—Francis Freeman.
Auditors—E. R. Mayo, John Eastman, Oscar Engstrom.
Judge of Election—Carl Sasse.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, Jno. Palmer.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SHERIDAN GORTON, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree 1st meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2d degree on third, and 3d degree on fourth meetings.
D. L. HAVEN, N. G.
R. M. CHOATE, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 278 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
E. G. PELTON, Chief Patriarch.
R. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

CIVILLA REBEKAH LODGE, No. 50, I. O. O. F. Meets every Monday evening at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MARY L. LYMAN, N. G.
MARIE DUNN, Sec'y.

G. A. R.—McKean Post No 347, meets First and Third Thursday evening, of each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets Thursday afternoon at A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
MRS. KATE L. WRIGHT, Prest.
MRS. ROSE PRINCE, Sec'y.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN AND MALTA—Keystone Encampment, No. 77, meets 1st and 3d Thursday evening in Backus Hall.
R. L. KNAPP, Em. Com.
W. H. WETHERALL, Chancellor.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 198, meets second, fourth and last Tuesday evenings of each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
SHERIDAN GORTON, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every Monday evening at 7:30 in A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
WASHINGTON STARK, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 60 Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Backus Block, Tuesday afternoons.
MRS. ANNA H. GIFFORD, Com.
MISS MYRTLE GIFFORD, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Secy.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon at 3 p. m., in the M. E. Chapel.
MISS S. A. SCULL, Prest.
MRS. M. B. RICHMOND Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 26, meets on First and Third Wednesday evenings of each month in Backus Hall.
JONATHAN COLEGROVE, Pres.
MRS. ABBIE E. STULL, Secy.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—J. T. WALKER, D. D., pastor. Class meeting, Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. Young converts' meeting Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Baptist.—REV. T. R. TAYLOR, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible school directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock. Young People's prayer meeting at 7:00 p. m. every Sunday evening. Covenant meeting Saturday before the first Sunday in each month at 2 o'clock p. m., and the Lord's Supper on the first Sunday of every second month. All are welcome.

Episcopal.—J. HUBER MCCANDLESS, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—REV. J. HUBER MCCANDLESS, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3:45 p. m. Sunday School 2:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. Michael Flood, pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:00 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

Union Services at King's Corners school house, East Smethport, every Sunday. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Preaching at 3:30 p. m. by Rev. T. R. Taylor.

Wesleyan—REV. W. BURROWS, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 11:30 a. m.; Class Meeting, 10 a. m. and after evening preaching; Children's Meeting, Saturday 1:30 p. m. All are invited.

Free Methodist church—J. M. Leach, pastor. Services every Sunday at 3:30 p. m.; Sunday School at 2:30 p. m.; Gospel Service Wednesday evenings. All are invited.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

R. H. Stone,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office: Pompelon Hall, Bradford, Pa.

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C. E. Judd
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Shaffer & Shaffer,
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Office in Schriever Block.

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Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

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Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the county. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

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Having taken possession of the above Hotel I am prepared to entertain my old friends, and new ones as well, in the proper manner. Come and see me.

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Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
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Dec. 19, 1894.—ly.

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Well supplied Bar.
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Fresh, Salt or Smoked
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One Minute Cough Cure, cures.
That is what it was made for.

A PARALLEL.

Sometimes adown the city street,
Where beauty's a forgotten thing,
The voice of some lone bird thrills sweet
With tidings of the faroff spring.

So, in my heart, when all is dark
And patience sickens to despair,
Hope flutters like a prison'd lark
And pours her rapture on the air.

I cannot tell why this should be
While sorrow's cup is yet to drain,
And every pleasure comes to me
Like storm strewn roses, flaw'd with pain.

But we are one, the bird and I,
In suffering and yearning one;
With memories that cannot die
Of flow'rs, blue ocean and the sun.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

FAYETTE'S VIOLIN.

We had been discussing all kinds of ghostly and occult subjects that evening, Thompson and I, until the fire had dwindled away into a pile of gray ashes and Uncle Joshua had apparently fallen asleep. Thompson was a Theosophist and I a Presbyterian, so some of our tilts were of the liveliest sort. I had just delivered myself of a coup of peculiar poignancy, so I thought, when Uncle Joshua suddenly opened his eyes, stretched in his good, old fashioned way and said:

"I'm not up on karmas, astral bodies and such, as you boys seem to be, but before we all turn in I want to tell you a ghost story of my own—one whose truth I can personally vouch for."

Thompson and I filled our pipes and Uncle Joshua hitched forward his chair and began:

"Once upon a time away down in Georgia there lived a towheaded little Cracker. There were several distinguishing features about him. He neither dipped snuff nor ate clay, and he had a marvelous command of the violin. Day after day, while his brothers and sisters were making pretense at work or idling their time away in the neighboring village, he spent by himself in the lonely pine woods playing, always playing. He had never heard music other than that the negroes made, but to him the wind in the pines was filled with harmony, and at night, when the rain pattered on the roof over his little bunk, he dreamed of vast audiences and storms of applause.

"In his character of recluse, as years drew on, he came to be regarded as gifted with magical powers. He never played in public. He never even played for their dances. But they said he played for the birds and other wild things, and that he could make them do whatever he wished with the power of his music. However true this may be, it is a fact that he caught fish while others caught none. And on still days, just before a storm perhaps, when even insects were quiet, the strains of his violin would float up from the river bottoms, sweet and clear and wonderfully sad. Then all who heard it would stop whatever they were doing and listen. Even the babies would stop their crying and field hands would swear no more that afternoon.

"The boy and his violin were never apart. Wherever he went he carried it with him, and when he slept it lay at his side. No mother was ever more considerate of her child than he was of it.

"The violin, in spite of its humble surroundings, was a beautiful instrument. Several attempts had been made to sell it, but luckily the rich planters of the region, who were the moneyed class, knew nothing of its value or did not care. The boy had received the instrument from his father. His father had inherited it, so it was said, from his own mother, to whom some lineal ancestor had given it. Crackers do not care much for pedigrees, but there was a sort of dim tradition in the family that they had not always been Crackers—that long, long ago, in the early days, they had been rich and influential. But now of all their forgotten wealth the violin only was left.

"One evening when he returned to his cabin after a day spent as usual in the wildwood, he found his family in what for them was a state of excitement. They had been in arrears for their rent goodness knows how long, but now their landlord told them it was pay or go. They could move their scant belongings easily enough, but where to go and what to do confronted their simple minds like an insurmountable barrier.

"The boy listened in silence to all that they told him. Silently he ate his pone and sweet potato. Then he washed himself and put on his shoes.

"The family looked in stolid silence while he made his preparations. Only his mother asked him where he was going, and to her he made no answer, they say, only to go up and kiss her. Mighty little kissing the Crackers do, but they were used to his peculiar ways and thought nothing of it."

Uncle Joshua looked at us sharply over his spectacles to see if we were following him and continued:

"Well, he showed up in Atlanta that night, he and his violin, about 9 o'clock. He was tired and hungry and thirsty and lonely, for he had walked all the way from his cabin, 12 miles away, and his heart was in his throat, too, I fancy, for he had never been in such crowds before, and he had come determined to earn enough money to pay the rent.

"Timidly at first and with hands that trembled he began to play, but as he felt the caress of the violin against his cheek and its voice responded to his touch his heart grew stronger. His eyes closed and his spirit was again among the sweet gum and pine. He was standing in a shadow near the entrance to a big hotel, and at first his music attracted no attention. Several gentlemen were sitting on the hotel porch, it happened, chatting about cotton and other matters, and there was a momentary lull in the conversation. Suddenly one of them exclaimed: 'Who in the world is that playing the violin? It's beautiful.' They all listened. It was a wonderful melody they heard, quivering, flashing, full of fire, and yet through it all a sort of yearning, unspeakable melancholy. None of them moved. They were fearful of losing a note.

"A crowd had gathered about the musician by this time, staring and listening with open mouths and bated breath. And so they would have remained all night, I suppose, but a heavy faced villain of a policeman, with more authority than soul, shouldered into the crowd and told the boy to move on.

"Now, my brother William," said Uncle Joshua, "is something of a violinist himself. He was one of the party on the hotel porch, and no sooner had the policeman stopped the concert than up he got and ran after the strange musician like a boy after a circus parade.

"Billy had been over in Paris the winter before and while there had stumbled on to a lot of music by an old French composer whom the world had never discovered, by the name of Francois Fayette. This Fayette, my brother told me, had come to the city a century or two before from somewhere in the south of France, with a lot of music he had composed, and then disappeared. His music had lain undisturbed in the garret of an old building many years and from thence had passed into the hands of a dealer in old manuscripts, and it was from him William secured it.

"Now, it seems that the piece William had heard the musician play that night was one of these identical compositions by the forgotten Fayette. He had always thought it a marvelously sweet little composition, even when he played it himself. But as he had heard the stranger render it it was a dream and a revelation.

"Well, the upshot of the matter was that after much urging and pleading William managed to bring the boy home with him that night. After we had fed him and he had rested and told us his story, not without a great deal of tactful questioning on our part, he finally took his violin and began to play.

"Ah," said Uncle Joshua softly, as he sank back into his chair and closed his eyes, "I cannot tell you how he played. Even I had tears in my eyes that I couldn't keep back. And still his selections were always from the compositions of the misty Fayette. Where had he learned them? He could not tell us. It was all in his heart, he said. It was the music that had come to him from murmuring pines and rippling streams, and some of it, he said, was what he heard on stormy nights.

"He played far into the night for us, and then next morning we had one of our darkies hitch up and take him home. William had given him enough money for his rent, and the boy promised a speedy return.

"A week passed, and then another week. With his absence the wonder his playing had aroused in us increased. Indeed, we almost came to doubt the reality of it all. Where had he ever heard the music of Fayette? Indeed, how could he have ever heard it at all? He could not be an impostor. The mystery could not be explained away on the grounds of mere coincidence.

"We were on the point of driving out to the boy's cabin to hear him play again, when one morning, bright and early, a tall and lanky youth, carrying an oblong bundle under his arm, came up to the door of our house and inquired for William. He and I were eating breakfast at the time, and the stranger, evidently a Cracker, was ushered in.

"'Be you all the gentleman ez give Bub the rent money?' he inquired, addressing William. William said that he was. 'Well, Bub, he's dead, en he sent you all this fer to remember him by.' We learned little more. The boy had died two days before from no apparent cause. His last request was concerning the violin.

"Two months later, when autumn was well on and the nights were becoming chilly, William and I were sitting before the fireplace one evening talking about the boy who had played such wonderful music. William was holding the violin in his lap, idly examining the workmanship. Suddenly I saw him draw the violin up and look closely at the head. 'There's a name or something,' he said, 'on this little shell plate that I've never noticed. By Jove, what if'— He jumped up and held the violin close to the light. It was hanging over his shoulder on the instant. And there, very faint, but clear enough in the strong light to be read, engraved in fine French script, was a name that sent our hearts a-leaping like mad. Boys, the name on the violin was that of Francois Fayette."—Denver News.

Three Layers of Atmosphere.

It appears that in the atmosphere there are practically three distinct currents of air, the first lying at an elevation of from 900 to 1,500 meters, the second at from 2,500 to 4,000 meters and the upper one at from 6,000 to 8,000 meters above the surface of the earth. These are, to an extent, separate currents, flowing each with its own velocity. At the bottom of each of the layers the stratus clouds are formed, and at the top of each of the layers occur the cumulus clouds. This suggests that the strains originate at the bottom of a moving current and the cumulus at the top. It is probable, then, that the stratus owe their origin to the difference in velocity and temperature of the two layers, while the cumulus are formed by ascending currents within the layer of air.—Professor F. H. Bigelow.

The Little Things Great Men Do.

I like to hear stories of the littleness of great men. I like to think that Shakespeare was fond of his glass. I even cling to the tale of that disgraceful final orgy with friend Ben Jonson. Possibly the story may not be true, but I hope it was. I like to think of him as poacher, as village ne'er do well, denounced by the local grammar school master, preached at by the local J. P. of the period.

I like to reflect that Cromwell had a wart on his nose. The thought makes me more contented with my own features. I like to think that he put sweets upon the chairs, to see finely dressed ladies spoil their frocks; to tell myself that he roared with laughter at the silly jest, like any east end 'Arry with his bank holiday squirt of dirty water.

I like to read that Carlyle threw bacon at his wife and occasionally made himself highly ridiculous over small annoyances that would have been smiled at by a man of well balanced mind. I think of the 50 foolish things a week I do and say to myself, "I, too, am a literary man."—"Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," by Jerome K. Jerome.

Mineral Wool.

Mineral wool looks very much like cotton batting with little bits of glass scattered through it. It is made in this way: There are two streams of slag (which is the scum from iron), one in each side, and a jet of steam in between, and as the two streams of slag meet the steam the mineral wool is formed.

The blast that is used to send the slag over the steam comes with such force that it sends the wool formed from the slag flying to all parts of the building, and some getting outside of the building makes it look as though it were covered with snow.

As the wool flies around the little particles of glass separate from it, and as the slag was redhot the pieces of glass are on fire, and they look like little stars flying around.

It is used for packing around registers and between walls. It is a nonconductor of heat, therefore it will not burn.

A Cyclists' Paradise.

Cyclists in rural France are well catered for in delightful little countrified cafes, with open air tables often set in an arbor of evergreens. A franc and a half or two will get you a perfection of an omelet, a plate of stewed wild rabbit, soft cheese, wine and black coffee, and for an extra 4 sous or so the waitress, if the wheelman is ungallant enough to let her do it, will inflate his tires, the merest "marchand de vins" being nowadays the proud possessor of a standard pump.—Caterer.

Warships were originally distinguished from merchantmen by their greater size. Now this distinction does not obtain, and the war vessel is of a totally different construction.

THE OLD HYMN.

I sat within a vacant room,
A low ceiled room, quaint shaped, oak beamed,
With windows looking off to sea,
O'er which the sunset's glory streamed;
I watched the faroff flitting sails,
And "Halfway rock" that looming rose
A tower from the heaving sea
Whereon the scattered isles repose.

And some one near me gently played
A dear old hymn that stirred my heart.
'Twas "Children of the Heavenly King,"
And what it woke made quick tears start.
The long years seemed to backward turn,
And I, a little child again,
Held fast within his strong arms' clasp,
While soft he crooned the old refrain.

Oh, just once more to be that child
And know again the blissful rest
The old hymn brought me, rocked to sleep
With pillowed head upon his breast!
But only yet a little while,
Though earth may call it years that creep,
I know he'll come to me again
And rock me to eternal sleep.
—Mary Devereux in Boston Transcript.

PRIMITIVE ANCHORS.

STONES AND WOODEN TUBES FILLED WITH LEAD FIRST USED.

The Earliest Anchors Made on the Hook Principle Had Only One Fluke—Crude Devices That Are Still Used In Different Parts of the World.

There appear to be two ideas which have led up to the invention of the modern anchor: (1) the idea of attaching the vessel by means of a rope or chain to a weight sufficiently heavy to keep the vessel from moving when the weight has sunk to the bottom of the sea, and (2) the idea of using a hook instead of (or in addition to) the weight, so as to catch in the bottom. The English word anchor is practically the same as the Latin ancora and the Greek angkura, meaning "that which has an angle," from the root ank, bent.

The earliest anchors made on the hook principle probably only had one fluke instead of two. In the "Sussex Archæol. Coll." there is an illustration of what has been surmised to be an anchor made out of the natural forked branch of a tree. It was found with an ancient British canoe at Burpham, Sussex. There is in the British museum an interesting leaden anchor with two flukes bearing a Greek inscription. Its date is about 50 B. C., and it was found off the coast of Cyrene.

The invention of the anchor with two flukes is attributed by Pausanias to Midas, by Pliny to Eupalamus, and by Strabo to Anacharsis. Diodorus Siculus states that the first anchors were wooden tubes filled with lead, while another classical writer says that before the introduction of metal anchors lumps of stone with a hole through the middle for the attachment of the cable were used.

The form of the anchors used by the Greeks and Romans is well known from representations on Trajan's column and in the catacombs at Rome as an early Christian symbol. This form does not seem to have changed materially for quite a thousand years, as is shown by the Bayeux tapestry.

Some very primitive kinds of anchors are in use at the present day in different parts of the world, and a study of their construction may throw some light on the evolution of the modern anchor.

An anchor which came from Japan consists of a natural forked branch of a tree, slightly improved artificially, so as to make a hook. Two round bars are fixed at right angles to the shank, and to these two ordinary beach pebbles are tied. The length of the anchor is 2 feet 3 inches, the width across the hook 6 inches, and across the transverse bars 1 foot 5 inches. The stones are from 5 to 6 inches in diameter and 3 inches thick.

Another anchor was in use quite recently in the Arran islands, off the west coast of Galway. It is constructed of a sloping bar at each side and three crossbars, forming a figure not unlike the isosceles triangle in Euclid's pons asinorum. The lowest of the three crossbars is of square section and is fixed by iron spikes at each side to the sloping pieces so as to prevent them spreading outward. The stone, which acts as a weight, is clipped by means of the two side pieces, being held tightly by two spliced rings of rope passing under the upper crossbars.

These crossbars are of round section and project at each side, thus keeping the rope rings from slipping upward. The cable is fixed to the middle of the lowest transverse bar and is carried up on one side of the stone, then between the two sloping boards, and finally through a loop fixed to a hole at the top of the anchor. The boards at each side are 1 foot 10½ inches long and the stone 1 foot 5 inches long.

It may seem strange that such primitive looking contrivances should continue to be used by fishermen who have a full knowledge of every modern appliance connected with navigation and vessels, yet there are good reasons why they should have survived. Where the sea or river bed is rocky anchors are easily lost. This is a serious matter when the anchor is of iron and of some value, but if it is constructed like those described there is not much difficulty or expense in replacing it. A beach stone and a few bits of wood are always at hand, and the skilled workmanship required to fashion them into a very serviceable anchor is but small.

Thus it is that under certain conditions primitive appliances must always hold their own against modern inventions. When, as often happens, a newly introduced contrivance gets out of order, it generally involves much greater loss of time and more expense to replace it than if it were of simpler construction and capable of being made by an ordinary workman out of materials easily procurable on the spot.

Highly civilized man has much to learn from his prehistoric ancestors and from uncultured races still existing as to how he should act in an emergency when deprived of his usual appliances.—Reliquary and Illustrated Archæologist.

Herr Strauss' Eccentricities.

Writing of the eccentricities of Herr Strauss, the dance music composer, a Vienna writer says he is as nervous as a composer as he is as a director. Clad in a velvet costume, with patent leather boots reaching to his knees, his eyes aflame and in a fit of inspiration, he goes striding through the house like a maniac. If inspiration does not come to him in the salon, he clutches his papers and goes to his bedroom or to his wife's boudoir. Sometimes the waltz begun in the parlor is finished in the kitchen. Mme. Strauss, who appreciates and understands her husband's habits, has half a dozen pianos scattered through the house, and in each room a table with writing materials, so that in whatever nook her husband finds himself he is quite at home. Mme. Strauss was once a favorite actress on the Vienna stage.

Bagpipe Music.

A Glasgow paper thus analyzes the music of the bagpipe: "Big flies on window, 72 per cent; cats on midnight tiles, 11½ per cent; voices of infant puppies, 6 per cent; grunting hungry pigs in the morning, 5½ per cent; steam whistles, 3 per cent; chant of cricket, 2 per cent."

NO TRESPASSING.

It was a delightful, hot afternoon, and under the trees Elysium itself. The path ran through a tunnel of foliage, between which glimpses of the river parallel were every now and then betrayed by natural vistas. If you happen to know the road to Lonore, before the path to Ashness Bridge forks off, in fact the delightful stretch that lies at Rakes' Foot, you will have a scene like to it as two peas are to one another, but for Derwentwater you must, of course, substitute the rapid, shallow, shingling Barragh.

The road was inches deep in dust, and that of the whitest, and the boots and stockings of the knickered, Norfolk jacketed traveler could scarce be distinguished from the dusty way itself, and he looked, had there been any to see, as though he floated in the air, bereft of feet and ankles.

Now, half way down the road, the traveler, who was young and fairly good looking, though perhaps not endowed with that facial strength of character which is the dear delight of authors who are feminine, happened upon a stile spanning the graystone and mossy wall that separated the wood beyond from the road. It was a famous stile, somewhat like a pair of stepladders, with three rungs by which to ascend from the road and two to ascend into the wood on the other side of the wall. The traveler ascended, and perched upon the happily placed platform at the summit of the stepladder and pondered some, and while he pondered he mopped his brow and gazed upon his boots besides, giving the lie to those who say that "one cannot do two things at once"—this for one who has refused to close the door at my behest and I in a draft most thorough. Then he struck a match to light a cigarette—I know it ought to have been a pipe, but it was a cigarette—and drawing it along an adjacent post, saw, for the first time, a notice thereon. It said:

ANY PERSON
FOUND TRESPASSING ON
THE BARRY ESTATE
E
WILL BE PRSECUTED.
By Order.
Agent's Office. J. SMITH.

A very ordinary notice, but one which had been the subject of much merriment a while back, when "'Arry-you-Juggins" had eliminated the harmless O and interpolated the direful E for the amusement of his consœurs and confreres.

The effect it had upon our traveler was not that which henceforward, for all I care, may be described as defaciensis tripperii. He had no desire to drop in "not" between the "will" and the "be," neither did he change "person" into "peer," but he did allow his feet, which had been resting on rung two of the roadside ladder, to change their position to rung one of that of the woodside.

After the first step the way was easy.

So appeared to be the grass path which meandered among the trees in curves most sinuous, a path that looked—as all forbidden paths look—seductive, and, moreover, by far the most delightful in the whole district.

Our traveler looked at his watch, at the up and down of the road, and not a soul was in sight to deter him. He slipped to the ground, and in a brief space was in the thicket.

On and on pressed he till the blacking was restored to the boot by the dust banishing grass' agency. The cigarette, smoked out, was replaced by a second, and then he came to a halt at the brink of a cunning little tree mirrored, tree surrounded lake, whose clear waters invited—nay, almost commanded—immersion, with the thermometer taxed to its utmost heat recording limits.

Birds were singing, the lakelet rippled, and, with delicious splashing a waterfallet threw itself in wanton abandonment into the embrace of the all absorbing tarn.

Delicious spot for bathing, but a spot wasted, impossible. On the farther side was one who gazed at our traveler, the intruder, with eyes beautiful and provoked—one attired in kerchief of lawn, bodice and skirt of print and in other dainty things.

"A pretty girl!" said he mentally.

"A wretched tourist!" she reflected.

The path was winding, like to a maze, but surely mazelike it led to an eventual goal? It would do no harm to ask. The traveler meandered on and found himself in a space but three or four foot from my lady of the lake.

His cap was off.

Said he, "Will you kindly tell me if this path comes out anywhere near Marleydale?"

"Eventually at the village itself," she replied.

He thanked her, and with steps reluctant would have advanced, but she, reddening and paling alternately, denied him progress except over her lithesome self.

"Please stop!" she commanded. "Are you aware that this is private property?"

"I could hardly imagine it was public," said he.

She flushed angrily.

"You are trespassing," she continued, "and are liable to be prosecuted."

"And persecuted, if the notice board lies not," he added.

"The notice board does lie. Some tourist"— she began impetuously.

"Then I suppose I am not trespassing," he queried.

"You will see!" said she fiercely.

"But surely a trespass without damage is as harmless as a threat that cannot be carried out?" he asked.

"The game"— she started to say.

"Is remarkable for its absence," he concluded.

"The—the"— She was at a loss.

"I picked this clump of mountain ash," he suggested kindly.

"Ah, injuring the trees! You can be imprisoned for that," she replied with satisfaction.

"Surely a fine"— he began.

"Our Bench is landed property," said she, "and we loathe—or—tourists."

"Oh!" he murmured, disconcerted.

"Only the other day my father, who is chairman, was most severe on one who carved his name upon a tree, and you have broken a branch."

"A twig," he ventured to correct.

"The same thing," said she defiantly.

"Miss Smith"— he said in tones imploring.

"Don't address me as 'Miss Smith,' sir," and she spoke in tones most haughty. "Such familiarity"—

"Well, Edith—if you command it," he murmured abashed.

"How dare you!" she cried.

"I dared not—till you commanded," said he. "And your name brooch supplied the information."

There was a moment's silence.

"You must give me your name and address," she commanded.

"For you to issue a warrant for my apprehension? No, 'the prisoner refused to give his name and address,'" he replied.

It was an awkward position for a girl who only did her father's duty.

"It's most ungenerous of you," she exclaimed. "Just because you're a man and happen to be stronger than I am, you will evade justice."

"Never," he answered firmly.

"You will run away, and I, impeded by skirts, am helpless to catch you," she continued.

"You could lift"—

"Why don't you make good your escape?" she interpolated with haste.

"Am I not your prisoner?" he asked.

"Do you mean to say you will come quietly to the lodge and face my father?" she inquired.

"As quiet as any lamb," he asserted.

"Well, it's this way," said she. "It is customary to grip the prisoner by the arm," he suggested.

She paid him no attention, and in silence they strolled toward the lodge.

"If you will excuse me for a minute, I will see if my father can attend to you now," she said when, arriving at their destination, she had led him to the drawing room. "Please sit down."

Surely prisoner had never been treated with so much consideration.

In a minute or two she returned somewhat confused.

"My father will return soon," she said.

"Then I must wait," he replied.

"Oh, don't you mind?" She seemed relieved.

"Not in the least," said he.

She rang a bell.

"Do you care for tea or would you prefer"— she asked.

"Tea, please," said the prisoner.

And tea was brought.

"I think I saw a picture of this house in this year's academy," said the prisoner, tea and toast in hand.

"Did you really notice it?" she said with pleased surprise. "I painted it, and Mr. Barry bought it. Mr. Barry owns all this property."

"Indeed! He must account himself most fortunate to have so zealous a guardian as yourself. Thank you—half a cup."

Then they talked of many things—of books, of paintings, of poets' songs, till the sun lost some of its youthful vigor, and they wandered into the garden, and there the conversation was of other things perhaps more human than that of books and paintings, but none the less pleasant, and at last they happened on a mutual enthusiasm, and they enthused until the sun just dropped behind lofty Craigavar, and a sudden chill fell upon the jailer, and she cried:

"My father will be back in a few minutes. Hadn't you better—escape?"

"And we were getting on so well, too," said the prisoner, with half a sigh.

"Yes—I mean I think you have been imprisoned long enough," she murmured.

"Oh, no!" replied the prisoner gallantly.

"You have—indeed you have. Please, please go. My father might adjourn, or something terrible, and you, with nobody to bail you out, would have to go to pris— Oh! I am sure Mrs. Jones, the constable's wife would never make you comfortable. Do go! Do go!" she pleaded, with hands that were clasped in pity.

"But how about your duty to Mr. Barry?" he asked.

"Bother Mr. Barry!" she exclaimed.

Then, with gravel flying and the sound of much crunching of small stones, came Major Smith, the agent of the Barry estate, and he, seeing them, pulled up his ponies with great suddenness and, leaping to the ground, advanced, crying: "Ah, my dear fellow, here you are! I'm delighted to welcome you to your own house after so long an absence. I went to the station to meet you and found your luggage only—if we don't count a message to the effect that you had got out at Aberavar and were walking. Should have been back long ago if that confounded rascal Raven hadn't stopped me to ask for a reduction of rent—said his roof was falling in. So I went to see it and found, as usual, it was all nonsense. Edith been amusing you, I hope?"

"I met Miss Smith in the wood, and"— explained the traveler.

"She knew you from your photograph," Major Smith suggested. Miss Smith blushed.

"The photograph is not in the least bit like the original," she protested.

"Nobody ever recognizes it as me," said the young man unblushingly. "It is said to be a speaking likeness all the same."

She rewarded him with a grateful glance.

"People have said to me," he continued, "'Who is that ugly devil on your wife's escritoire?' and I"—

"Your wife?"

"Haven't you heard? I'll tell you all about it. Oh, it was quite a romance! It's a boast of a photograph, don't you think so, Miss Smith?"—Temple Bar.

SPAIN'S LOSING GAME.

Things Which Have Slipped From Her Grasp In Three Hundred Years.

Macaulay drew this picture of the power of Spain 300 years ago:

The empire of Philip II was undoubtedly one of the most powerful and splendid that ever existed in the world. It is no exaggeration to say that during several years his power over Europe was greater than even that of Napoleon. In America his dominions extended on both sides of the equator into the temperate zone. There is reason to believe that his annual revenues amounted, in the season of his greatest power, to a sum ten times as large as that which England yielded to Elizabeth. He had a standing army of 50,000 troops when England did not have a single battalion in constant pay. He held, what no other prince in modern times has held, the dominion both of the land and the sea. During the greater part of his reign he was supreme on both elements. His soldiers marched up to the capital of France; his ships menaced the shores of England. Spain had what Napoleon desired in vain—ships, colonies and commerce.

She long monopolized the trade of America and of the Indian ocean. All the gold of the west and all the spices of the east were received and distributed by her. Even after the defeat of the armada English statesmen continued to look with great dread on the maritime power of Philip. * * * Whoever wishes to be well acquainted with the morbid anatomy of governments, whoever wishes to know how great states may be made feeble and wretched, should study the history of Spain.—Exchange.

Trials of Translation.

English critics say that recently fate gave evidence of more than usual intelligence in the office of a Parisian journal. The Parisian editor saw a London critic's appreciation of Anna Thibaud, whose songs are as pointed and flowery as her "rosebud" slippers. The Londoner wrote that "mademoiselle's feet were incased in fairy boots." The Parisian set himself diligently to work with his dictionary, and soon had it correctly translated, we presume, but when it appeared in print, instead of reading that mademoiselle's feet were incased in "bottes de fee," it said they were immured in "pots a fleurs" (flower pots).

THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

HOW LONDON FIRST LEARNED THAT IT HAD ENDED.

Story of the Reporter Who Got the "Scoop" and Who Then Induced Bismarck to Allow Him to Send Out the News Over His Private Wire.

During the Franco-German war, from Oct. 18, 1870, to March 1, 1871, I was attached to the headquarters of the crown prince, who occupied an unassuming little villa called Les Ombrages, in an outskirt of Versailles, his august father residing throughout the investment and siege of Paris in the prefecture of the whilom "royal burgh," and Count Bismarck, with his staff of councilors and secretaries, in a detached house of the Rue de Provence. I often met the chancellor out of doors, walking or riding, during that long and bitter winter, but sedulously refrained from soliciting audiences, being well aware that the visits of a war correspondent, who had everything to ask and nothing to tell, could not possibly be welcome to so desperately overworked a statesman as Bismarck.

By what means I need not explain in this place, I had been made acquainted with the precise terms of the capitulation of Paris at an early hour of the morning after the conclusion of the armistice, and had, moreover, good reason to believe that the conditions of the surrender had not been communicated to any other correspondent of an English or even a German newspaper at headquarters. Having obtained the supremely important item of news, what was I to do with it? Unless it could be forthwith transmitted to The Daily Telegraph office by telegraph, my chances of forestalling my fellow correspondents would be annihilated, and there was no wire at my disposal—or, for that matter, at that of any foreign journalist—within the vast radius of the lines of investment.

The situation appeared an utterly hopeless one, until suddenly the happiest of "happy thoughts" flashed through my mind. Perhaps the all powerful chancellor, newly created a prince of the young German empire, would authorize the transmission to London of my dispatch over his own official wire, by means of which he was "en rapport" with every European capital except beleaguered Paris. There was no time to lose. Before 8 a. m. I had taken down the articles of capitulation from the lips of my informant, within half an hour I had copied them out, "large, bold and handsome," on two pages of foolscap and had made myself presentable.

At 9 o'clock I presented myself at the street door of the house in the Rue de Provence and sent up my card to Councilor Lothar Bucher, with a penciled request that he would allow me to speak to him in private. Almost immediately he came down to the waiting room on the ground floor, into which I had been shown, and asked me what he could do for me. "Can you procure me a five minutes' audience of the prince?" I replied. "I don't know," was the rejoinder, "but I'll try. The chancellor is extremely busy, but perhaps he'll see you if you can assure me that the matter is really urgent." I declared that for me it could not possibly be more so, whereupon Bucher left me—I confess, in a fever of anxiety—and was absent for about a quarter of an hour, at the expiration of which he reappeared and beckoned to me to follow him up stairs.

In an ex-boudoir on the first floor converted into a sort of office I found the chancellor awaiting me. After the briefest of greetings he said, "Pray, tell me what you want in the fewest possible words, for I have not a moment to lose." I produced my dispatch, handed it to him and asked him if it was substantially correct.

After looking through it he answered: "Yes, it is. I don't know how you got your information, and I don't intend to ask, but these are the terms on which Paris surrenders. What then?" When I besought his permission to forward the message over his wire, he laughed rather grimly, saying, "You must be mad to ask such a thing!"

I urged upon him that the tension of public feeling in England with respect to the fate of Paris was very painful—many people's sympathy being temporarily averted from Germany by harrowing accounts of the sufferings undergone by the population of the French capital. "That tension would be considerably relieved, sir," I replied, "by the knowledge that the siege of Paris is come to an end and that the victors have accorded merciful terms to the vanquished." Prince Bismarck held out against my importunity for about a couple of minutes, but he yielded at last, only stipulating that I should efface my name at the end of the dispatch.

"On no account can I allow you to sign a message sent over my wire. If your people in London do not believe it to be authentic when it reaches them, that is their affair. But it must go unsigned or not at all." It did go unsigned; it was accepted as authentic, and its publication that very afternoon in a special edition of The Daily Telegraph proved to be one of the greatest journalistic coups effected by any London newspaper during the Franco-German war.—London Telegraph.

Dangers From Violent Exercise.

There is considerable diversity of opinion as to the safety with which women may indulge in violent exercise in view of possible injury. As regard the heart, there appears to be but one opinion—namely, that that organ, accustomed to a quiet life, may be dangerously and permanently crippled by the excessive strain in athletic sports. Experience in medical practice, says an eminent authority, teaches that the patient with a weak heart must be extremely cautious in his exercises, and the demonstration of a dilatation of the healthy heart under sudden, violent, exhausting effort which has been made was of a surprising nature. Many clinical observers in Germany and in this country have detected by percussion and observation of the changes in the heart beats that there is under strain and exertion considerable dilatation, which continues for a shorter or longer time after the exertion is over. Ocular proof of this has been afforded by the Roentgen rays. This shows not only the need of caution by those in good health, but more particularly so in the case of those who suffer from any weakness, constitutional or otherwise, in this organ.—New York Ledger.

As the Honeymoon Dwindles.

She—I really ought to have a new hat.

He—How would it do to stick a few feathers in the top crust of one of those pies you baked last week? You would have something that would last then.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

In Japan a very useful accomplishment taught children is the use of both hands in writing and other work; hence there are no right or left handed people, as a rule, but both hands are used indiscriminately.

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BURT OLSON,
Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, NOV. 11, 1898

IT snowed the day before.

IT was Republican weather.

THE Sibley boom got in its work.

CONGRESS will be safely Republican.

WELL, Tom and Dick made quite a run.

THE last Swallow has homeward flown.

SIBLEY seems to be elected to the 56th Congress.

THE twenty-seventh district went, like Maine for Governor Kent.

SHERMAN without a sheep skin passed under the wire at a rattling pace.

SWALLOW has at last discovered that there is a vast difference in running for State treasurer and for governor.

THE Pennsylvania Congressional delegation will stand 21 Republicans and 9 Democrats, a gain of 6 for the Democrats.

W. A. STONE, the poor farmer's boy from old Tioga county, proved quite a sprinter and by "Jenks" he "Swallowed" all opposition.

WELL, it will take us some time to get accustomed to say Hon. T. F. R., when all his neighbors for years have been addressing him as Tom.

WHO said Dick was not in the fight. A few more dodgers put out at the eleventh hour against Dempsey would have caused Fagnan and Rowley to think they had not been in the fight.

IF the explosion in the capitol at Washington had occurred a few days sooner Dr. Swallow might have been able to create considerable politica capital, by alleging that some one in high authority had attempted the destruction of the Supreme Court records.

THE Port Allegany Reporter will please take notice that its water allegation against J. W. Campbell was diluted to such a degree that it was not perceptible on election day. Mr. Campbell, the MINER gracefully tips the hat to you regardless of Mr. Lillibridge's vituperations.

THE MINER regrets the defeat of Hon. C. W. Stone in this Congressional district. He was one of the ablest members in the Pennsylvania delegation. The cause of his defeat lies, not in his Congressional career, but in appointments and other matters not necessary to refer to now. The die is cast and time alone can tell whether the voters in this district exercised good or bad judgment in turning down so able a man as Mr. Stone.

THE MINER wishes to congratulate Hon. T. F. Richmond and Hon. R. A. Dempsey, likewise John W. Campbell and E. R. Sherman, on their magnificent victory, in spite of the Democratic assaults made upon them during the campaign. The large vote each candidate received only proves the confidence the people of McKean county had in them. May all prove faithful and efficient officers to the trust placed in their hands.

THERE were many Republicans in the 27th district that whetted their pruning knife and cut Stone. Time will tell how good their judgment was. Mr. Sibley may discover in time, like Cleveland, that political preferment is quickly forgotten. He has been glided over by the press and political speakers to such an extent that people will naturally expect him to perform things supernatural, and when they find that he is only made of common clay and liable to err like other people, the crash will come as it did to Cleveland and he will be sent into oblivion.

TO DISCOVER the inconsistency of the Prohibition party in political campaigns one has only to glance at the election table found elsewhere on this page. The vote for Swallow is 2,185 and that for Messrs. Craven and Dennis, respectively, 1,404 and 929. Then take a look at the Congressional vote. While the Prohi's had a candidate of their own in the district they slaughtered him to the queen's taste—his vote will not reach 500. The difference in the vote of Swallow and Hague, the Prohi candidate for Congress, is 1,601, and that difference went almost entirely to Sibley. How can a party expect to maintain an organization and become effective when they display such treachery to their own nominees. Messrs. Craven and Dennis are two very honorable gentlemen, yet note the difference in their vote and that given to Swallow.

THE question that will now confront the people of Potter county is the repeal of the Mann prohibitory law. W. W. Crittendon, the new Member of Assembly, was elected on that issue. The question is, will he succeed: Thrice before have Democrats been elected to the Assembly from Potter county, pledged to repeal the law, and have always met with failure. The chances are that Mr. Crittendon will meet with the same obstacles that his predecessors encountered. If Mr. Crittendon should succeed in getting the measure through the lower House, it will meet a resistance in the Senate that will check its course. The leading and influential men of Potter from both parties will leave no stone unturned to maintain the prohibitory law. It is hard to tell which would be best for Potter county, but from an impartial standpoint one would naturally think Potter county had had enough, at least, of the pig's ear out business.

OFFICIAL VOTE OF McKEAN COUNTY,

Tuesday, November 8, 1898.

DISTRICTS.	Governor.						
	Stone, R.	Jenks, D.	Swallow, Prohi.	Swallow, Peo.	Barnes, Soc. L.	Swallow, Lib.	Swallow, H'stG.
Annin township	59	64	36				
Bradford City—1st ward, 1st dist	61	51	36				
" " " 2d "	67	101	27				
" " 2d " 1st "	117	60	56				
" " " 2d "	88	107	64				
" " 3d "	136	151	113				
" " 4th "	168	144	148		1		
" " 5th "	133	154	72		1		
" " 6th "	122	66	130				
" township, 1st dist	66	82	91	1		1	4
" " 2d "	79	47	40	5			2
Ceres	56	49	45				
Corydon 1st dist	26	6					
" 2d "	34	25	3				
Eldred borough	84	80	47				
" township	103	41	51				
Foster 1st dist	74	45	58				
" 2d "	59	25	73				
Hamlin 1st "	66	20	41				
" 2d "	158	27	62				
Hamilton 1st "	141	25	29				
" 2d "	11	11	15				
Keating 1st "	56	61	19				
" 2d "	100	29	36				
" 3d "	34	30	60				
Kane borough, 1st ward	71	60	26				
" " 2d "	131	48	72				
" " 3d "	94	18	42				
" " 4th "	69	49	42				
Lafayette township, 1st dist	34	56	12				
" " 2d "	30	22	40				
" " 3d "	32	17	33				
Liberty	36	161	65				
Mt. Jewett borough	104	43	63				
Norwich township, 1st dist	67	45	30				
" " 2d "	6	13	8				
Otto 1st "	67	57	81				
" 2d "	36	31	86				
Port Allegany borough	116	141	56				
Smethport "	150	94	26				
Sergeant township, 1st dist	46	70	14				
" " 2d "	17	14	1				
Wetmore 1st "	54	22	56				
" 2d "	80	14	39				
Totals	3089	2149	2185	6	2	1	6
Pluralities	940						

CONTINUE THE HOUSECLEANING.

Pennsylvania has just passed through one of the longest and hardest political battles in its history. Since early last spring has the battle raged, unceasing has been the fight, and so bitter had it become in places that it will take years to heal the wounds. The fight has been a peculiar one in that it was a kind of "mid-shipman easy" affair—a triangular fight. Mr. Jenks, undoubtedly is a most excellent man, but his history and life work reaches back to a period that the old soldier remembered too well. Dr. Swallow is a good man and an earnest man in the pulpit, but he is of too impetuous a temperament for chief executive of the great State of Pennsylvania. W. A. Stone, the successful candidate, is an exemplary man. Here is what the Philadelphia Times has to say of him:

"William A. Stone, the new Governor-elect, is a man of clean record; of admitted honesty of purpose; of undisputed ability, and if he shall be strong enough to follow his own honest convictions in administering the government, he can retire from the office justly proud of the honor he has won and the record he has made. If he shall yield to the interests of individual leaders and wield his power to maintain factional masters, he must fail in his highest executive duties and leave his important trust unregretted."

The State is assured of having an able chief executive for the next four years. The Republican party has been engaged in housecleaning, politically, for some time. Let the work continue. Clean out "Angean stable" for it is doubtful if the party could ever survive another such a political upheaval as it has just passed through. The spirit of unrest was rampant throughout the State, and had Swallow been a cool and level-headed man, or had Mr. Jenks boldly declared for sound money, there is no telling what the result might have been. There is no use denying the fact that there was trouble in the Republican camp. Do not stop until the floors are all made clean once more. The legislature has a large contract on its hands, but if it starts out with the determination to hew to the line, and with the newly elected governor pledged to do his share in giving us a purer and better State government, there is no reason why we should not be better off for our late scrap.

WHAT a magnificent battle and glorious victory for Teddy Roosevelt in New York State. With the combined power of Tammany, headed by Croker, unlimited boodle and the so termed odious Raines law opposing him, the intrepid Rough Rider made one of the most marvellous campaigns of the century and won a glorious victory over unscrupulous politicians. These politicians feared the honest warrior and spared no pains to accomplish his defeat, knowing full well that if Roosevelt filled the executive chair at Albany, the Tammany tiger's claws would be clipped. The honest voters of the State stood by him and it is an open conviction that very few Democrats outside of the city of New York regret the election of Mr. Roosevelt.

AS THE next United States Senator will naturally come from the western part of the State the MINER respectfully suggests the name of Hon. John Dalzell of Pittsburg. He is a man of marked ability; one of the staunchest Republicans in the State; a protectionist and sound money man; capable and trustworthy; fully trusted by our able President, and in perfect touch with him on international questions. The many years that he has represented his district in the lower House of Congress has been of such a nature that he is well qualified to step into the upper House of Congress, and his selection would meet the hearty approval of every honest Republican in Pennsylvania.

THE MINER wishes to congratulate the staunch Republicans of Kane for the noble work performed on Tuesday in behalf of protection and sound money. The reports that have reached here for the past three months of the bitter feeling that predominated against Hon. C. W. Stone seemed incredible. The allegation put forth that Sibley would sweep Kane like a whirlwind has proven a fake and when the returns came in C. W. Stone carried the borough by a majority of 74. Kane can always be relied upon to give a Republican majority, although spite and revenge had a tendency to reduce it this year. All honor to the Republicans of Kane.

A Sure Sign of Croup.

Hoarseness in a child that is subject to croup is a sure indication of the approach of the disease. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse or even after the croupy cough has appeared, it will prevent the attack. Many mothers who have croupy children always keep this remedy at hand and find that it saves them much trouble and worry. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

M'KINLEY UPHELD!

Protection, Reciprocity, Sound Money and Prosperity Still Live.

'RAH, 'RAH FOR OLD PENNSYLVANIA!

Col. Wm. A. Stone Elected Governor by the Handsome Plurality of 120,000.

THE WHOLE TICKET ELECTED.

The Old Key-Stone State Still Stands at the Head of the Republican Arch.

BOTH HOUSES OF CONGRESS REPUBLICAN.

Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa and Michigan are with the G. O. P.

The people have endorsed the administration of President McKinley and he will be their standard bearer in 1900. The people have cause to rejoice after a most desperate battle with an aggressive enemy. They have conquered and more firmly grounded the principles they fought so nobly for in the Presidential campaign of 1896.

The Republicans, for the first time in many years, will have a good working majority in the United States Senate. While the Republican majority in the lower house of Congress will be small, it is safe, and with the two houses of Congress in touch with President McKinley business interests will not suffer as they naturally would if the political complexion of Congress had been changed. It is a matter beyond reasonable dispute that where there is a change of parties in power in Congress it always effects the business relations of the country either for better or worse. The tide of prosperity has been increasing for the past year and a half, and the people may well feel proud of the fact that the spirit of discontent usually found in the country at the congressional election in the middle of a presidential term was not of a sufficient force to change the Congressional majority and give the popular house to the free traders and free silverites

The various States mentioned at the head of this article have declared their unswerving allegiance to Republican principles. Even the little State of Delaware is redeemed from the power of the Gray family. The list is too long to go into detail as to how nobly they supported the Republican platform of 1896. While on the other hand the Democrats were afraid to openly come out and declare in favor of their platform of 1896, choosing rather by subterfuge to lead the honest voter estray by pretending that this was not a national campaign—with 357 congressmen to elect, who, for two years, will formulate and legislate laws, either for good or for evil. But had they gained control of Congress how quickly they would have asserted that it was an endorsement of the free silver fallacy.

Fates willed otherwise, and they are relegated to the rear for a long time to come.

THE WARSHIP AMERICAN BOY.

The proposal to build a warship to be called the American Boy, the money to be expended in the project to be raised by popular subscription among the boys in the various cities of the United States, has proceeded so far that the money is not only largely in hand, but the plans for the battleship have been drawn up, and are now in the hands of the Navy Department officials for approval. But beside the sentimental interest which naturally attaches to the craze through the manner of its presentation to the United States Navy, the plans are worthy of special attention because of the fact that *they provide for the largest battleship, bar none, in the world.*

The extreme of the American Boy, according to the plans, is 1,000 feet, or nearly three times the length of the Illinois or Kentucky. Its breadth is about one fifth of its length, or 207 feet 4 inches. Its displacement is 48,410 tons, while its propelling force is supplied by eight turbine screws, expected to develop a speed of forty knots an hour.

The American Boy is a double-turreted seagoing battleship of the first class. Her guns will be the most powerful known to man. The first battery will include four monster 15 inch guns, twelve 12 inch and four 10-inch ones. All of them, of course, are breech loading rifles. The secondary battery consists of two 12 inch dynamite guns and twenty 12-inch mortars. Still a third group of cannon, called the "tertiary battery," is composed of the following formidable array. Twenty four 8 inch guns, eight 6 inch guns, four 4 inch rapid-fire guns, 100 6-pounders, fifty 4-pounders, eight tubes for discharge of aerial torpedoes, eight tubes for submarine torpedoes, forty 1-pounders, and sixteen Gatling guns. There will also be a monster ram which, if this gigantic ship ever gets at close quarters with an enemy, would shear open a ship like the Illinois as easily as the Illinois herself could stave in the plates of a passenger steamer. The ram of the American Boy is, perhaps, the most powerful offense weapon, exclusive of electrical contrivances, ever designed. Imagine a steel cold chisel of enormous proportions backed by a mass of iron weighing 48,410 tons, and imagine this whole mass hurling itself across the sea at the speed of an express train. No human device, except such another ship as the American Boy, could stand for an instant against so terrible an impact. Should two such ships crash together at full speed there would be such a collision as the imagination is unable to forecast.

The armor belt of the American Boy will be thirty six inches thick, backed by eight feet of asbestos felt. The turret armor will be forty-four inches. There will be two armored decks, one above the other, the upper carrying five inches of steel, the lower eight inches.

The list of striking things supplemental to the general work of destruction is amazing. It includes a twenty-inch telescope, two war balloons, two hydraulic dredgers rigged at the prow for clearing obstructed channels, two submarine boats armed with cable shears, 300 auxiliary engines for lifting supplies, moving guns and the like; oil sufficient to quiet a high sea and keep it still during thirty days; a submerged guard against mines and torpedoes; 25,000 tons of smokeless coal; a gymnasium in the cabin as large as a small auditorium; finally, 170 officers and 2,500 men. The cost of the monster ship will be $20,000,000.

The range of the great guns of the American Boy will be thirteen miles, and they can be fired at that distance with perfect accuracy. Taken altogether, it is quite certain that no human invention of destruction can compare for a moment with the American Boy.—Philadelphia Times.

Overcome evil with good. Overcome your coughs and colds with One Minute Cough Cure. It is so good children cry for it. It cures croup, bronchitis, pneumonia, grippe and all throat and lung diseases. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

FIRE IN CAPITOL.

On Sunday a disastrous explosion and fire occurred in the capitol at Washington. Much valuable property was destroyed, the most to be regretted being the busts of Chief Justice Marshall and other distinguished members of the Supreme Court, and several valuable paintings. The following from the Buffalo Express tells how it happened:

An explosion and fire at 5:15 o'clock Sunday afternoon wrecked the Supreme Court room and the rooms immediately adjoining it the main floor of the capitol. The damage is enormous. The entire central eastern part of the great marble pile from the main floor to the subterranean basement practically is a mass of ruins. The force of the explosion was so heavy that the coping stones on the outer walls just east of the point where the explosion occured were bulged out nearly two inches; windows in all that part of the building were blown out and locked doors were forced from their hinges quite 150 feet from the scene of it.

Fire followed the explosion so quickly as to seem practically simultaneous with it. * * * Before the flames could be subdued the priceless documents in the record room had been almost totally destroyed and serious damage had been done in the marshal's room and some minor rooms in the immediate vicinity. The library of the Supreme Court, situated immediately beneath the Supreme Court rooms, was badly damaged by fire, smoke and water, water practically destroying the great collection of law reference books. The library contains about 20,000 volumes and was used not only by the justices of the Supreme Court, but by Members of Congress and lawyers practicing before the Supreme Court.

The most serious damage, in the opinion of the justices of the Supreme Court, is to the records stored in the sub-basement. These included all the records of the Supreme Court from 1792 to 1832. * * * While many theories are offered as to the cause of the explosion, it seems beyond doubt to have been due to escaping gas. At seven minutes after 5 o'clock, Lieut. Nelson of the capitol police detected an odor of gas in the corridors adjoining the Supreme Court room. Not being able to locate it, he proceeded to Statuary Hall—the old hall of the House of Representatives—thinking the gas might be escaping from a burner in that vicinity. While he was endeavoring to locate the escape of the gas, the explosion occurred. Only a few persons, principally officers of the capitol police, were in the building at the time, but several of them had narrow escapes. Before the fire department, which responded to an alarm sent in by a policeman three squares from the Capitol, had arrived, C. P. Gilem, chief electrician of the capitol, and H. W. Taylor, chief engineer, had a stream playing into the Supreme Court record room, which by that time was a roaring furnace.

Within a few minutes after the arrival of the fire department, flames were under control, although, as a precautionary measure, streams were poured into the marshal's office, the library and the subterranean basement for two hours. The firemen were unable, however, for a considerable time to extinguish the flame of gas which shot out of the four-inch main in the meter room. From this main the fire swept through an orifice in the basement floor caused by the explosion and attacked the consultation room of the Supreme Court justices on the main floor. Some damage was done to the furniture and fittings of this room, but it was inconsiderable as compared with that done elsewhere. The robing room of the justices practically was undamaged.

It was evident that the fire could not be extinguished until the gas from the main was cut off. That this might be accomplished, the firemen turned two streams upon the main, choking the flame of gas and at the same time cooling the pipe. Electrician Gilem, braving the intense heat, entered the meter room and cut off the gas at the floor valve of the main.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7, 1898.

Spain was very careful that the string attached to its declination of our demand for possession of all the Philippine islands should be in plain sight. Its claim that the wording of the protocol prohibits our demanding the Philippines is nothing more than a diplomatic dodge, intended to extend the negotiations, and that its claim that our capture of Manila forty eight hours after the protocol was signed was illegal, is much like that of the lawyer who told his client that it was impossible to put him in jail on the evidence presented against him; the interview taking place through the bars of a jail cell, in which the client was confined. President McKinley and Secretary Hay know exactly what the Spanish Commissioners are after—an offer of a large specified sum of money, as a recompense for the cession of the Philippines, in place of the offer to repay Spain an amount equal to what it has spent for public improvements on the islands. They know, also, that Spain really has no claim for a dollar because it is not in possession of the Philippines, and could not ever again be in possession of them, even if we should withdraw our army and navy from them. Aguinaldo now has a force that could easily whip any force that Spain could send against him, and would do it, if the Americans were not in the way. Knowing this, any sum that President McKinley may agree to pay Spain will be the result of liberality on the part of this government, and not of any actual right that Spain has to ask to be paid. No new instructions have been sent to our Commissioners, because none are needed. They know exactly what to do, and it will all end in the Spanish Commissioners giving in and agreeing to the treaty of peace upon our terms and the matter will be settled probably inside of ten days.

Since Gen. Lawton, who was in command of the second division of the Fifth Corps in the movement against Santiago, gave his testimony, no more was heard about anybody being afraid to put Gen. Lawton on the stand because of the fearful things he would tell. It has been the same of Gen. Lawton's case as in that of all the other officers of prominence who have testified. Before they were heard, things were put into their mouths by writers for yellow journals, that they had never dreamed of; after they have testified in favor of the general efficiency of the management of the war, as every one of them has done, their names are dropped by the yellow journals. Gen. Lawton closed his testimony with these words: "Taking in consideration the conditions that we were obliged to face, the character of the country, its climate and other things being considered, I can say there were no serious or gross mistakes made. I can say there was no lack of care on the part of any of those in authority, whose duty it was to look after the interests of the camp. We had with us as fine staff officers as there are in the world; no better could be found. These men worked night and day, and no human being could do more than they did."

This government isn't looking for trouble in the East, but if trouble should come, it is fully determined that it shall not catch us unprepared. The cruiser Buffalo and the gun boat Helena, are on the way, via the Suez canal, to Manila, to join Admiral Dewey's squadron, and the battleships Iowa and Oregon are on the way, via Honolulu, to the same place. With these four vessels added to his present force, Dewey will have a Naval force second to that of no country except England in Eastern waters.

The Department of State has just been officially informed that the wheat crop of France this year is the largest and of the best quality since 1874, the total product being 371,789,479, bushels, which makes it certain that France will buy none of this year's American wheat crop. In this connection, it may be well to call attention to the fact that France is a little bit jealous because the U. S. makes the best flour in the world. The French Minister of Agriculture now has two expert Commissioners in this country, studying American machinery and tools used in making flour, with a view to ascertaining their cost and the feasibility of introducing them in French flour mills.

There is real grief in Washington on account of the sinking of the Spanish cruiser Maria Teresa, raised by Lieut. Hobson, while on its way to New York, to be put in good condition. It was estimated that the vessel, even in its damaged condition, was worth about $2,000,000 to the government, but it isn't the money value that has caused the grief. It is the sentiment. Everybody had been anticipating that for years to come, the Maria Teresa would figure in our Navy as an object lesson of the prowess of our sailors.

President McKinley held a special reception in honor of the Fourth Ohio Volunteer Regiment, which passed through Washington on its way from Porto Rico home, in order that he might have the pleasure of shaking the hand of every member of the regiment. This regiment has the honor of having been the only one ever received by a President inside the White House.

Executor's Notice.

Letters testamentary in the Estate of Mrs. Ann Elida Taylor, late of Smethport borough, McKean county, Pa., deceased, having been issued to the undersigned executor, all persons indebted to said estate are notified to make payment and those having claims against the same to present them for payment, duly authenticated.

WM. D. GALLUP,
Executor of the Estate of Mrs. Ann Elida Taylor, deceased.
Smethport, Pa., Oct. 27, 1898.—6t.

FIVE HUNDRED STOVES.

The annual sales in our stove department run 500 stoves. You will find now something over 70 styles on exhibit. You will find prices that no store doing a smaller business can compete with.

And the stoves that we keep are good stoves. We know all about everyone of them.

GAS HEATERS from $3.00 up. Any size or price you want. Our most popular heater is the Radiant Home, No. 20—our price $14.

WOOD HEATERS for camps—seven styles.

COOK STOVES for coal or wood.

GAS RANGES. The Reliables are unquestionably the best ranges ever sold here. Hundreds of them have gone from our store into use, and the first complaint has never been made on one. Prices, $13.50 up—45 styles.

RUBBER PAINT LASTS.

Rubber paint is the best paint we know of. We have handled it for 15 years, and many other paints with it. Rubber Paint outlasts the others. It looks better from the start. We have proved it a thousand times.

We sell everything that belongs to a Paint store.

HARNESS.

We sell harness lower than any other store near you. We sell it enough lower to several times over pay you for coming here.

Single Driving Harness as low as $5.50.
Harness suitable for every purpose
Everything else for the horse

HAMMOCKS & ICE CHESTS MUST GO

We can save you five years' interest on your investment if you choose to buy now for next season.

ONE HUNDRED DINNER SETS.

We can show you one hundred styles of Dinner Sets here at almost any time. Plenty of low price styles commencing at $6.75 for 100 pieces.

Toilet Sets in thirty styles—$1.75 up.
We import our fine China direct. We buy all in large quantities, and sell at prices that control the Bradford trade.

CIDER MILLS TO ORDER.

Please ask for quotations.

EMERY & WEAVER.
L. EMERY, JR., & CO.,
BRADFORD.

NEW GOODS
AT STORE OF
D. C. YOUNG.

Please call and examine. Prices reduced. All goods sold only for cash.

D. C. YOUNG,
Smethport, Pa.
Oct. 10, 1898.

INSECTICIDES
WE SELL ALL KINDS.

Benzine is coming into favor rapidly for destroying Carpet Bugs, Buffalo Moths, &c. We sell it in any quantity from a pint to five gallons, at lowest prices, at

McCOYS' DRUG STORE,
I. O. O. F. Block. Smethport, Pa.

Where are We at?
Our Office is at
Smethport, McKean County, Pa.
BUT
We are with You if you wish to Buy
Lumber
Lath
Shingles
Siding
Flooring
Ceiling
Moulding
Doors
Window
Screens
Glass.
HOO-HOO.
TRADE MARK REGISTERED.
Only a sample order will convince you that You're with Us
Call and see us, or write us for quotations.
HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

WE EMPHASIZE

SHOES

THIS WEEK.

Our new Fall and Winter
Stocks are ready to serve
you with models of the
Shoe Manufacturers' Art.

We are showing the

Pink of Perfection

In Blacks, Tans and
Patent Leathers
for Gentlemen,
Box Calf and Vici
for Ladies and Children.

Don't Forget
our
Boys' Clothing Department,

It is well stocked with
seasonable clothing
at popular prices.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Shoes,
Smethport, Pa.

Take a Good Look
at Yourself.

The best way to get a GOOD look is to come to my studio and get a photograph taken. The fine effects and finish of Platino pictures are sure to please you. "Come early and avoid the rush."

Entertain Your Friends

with an Improved Graphophone. Cheapness combined with a high altitude of excellence makes them good sellers. For further information call on

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer.
Smethport, Pa.

Glass Workers Attention!

You may not know the brand or the manufacturer, but ask any dealer in Smethport how the AMERICAN GENTLEMAN 10 cent cigar stands in his estimation. Try one and you will find out for yourself. For sale by all dealers in Smethport and vicinity. No artificial flavor used. Nothing but the pure quill.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, NOV. 11, 1898.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Lines to a Homely Girl.

Are your cheeks abrown with freckles, little girl?
Is your hair "a horrid color," without curl?
Is your voice a low and rare one,
Or the hoarser kind to scare one?
I've a hint to drop in kindness, if I may.
Live a life of pure uprightness, little girl.
Light the world with smiles of brightness, little girl.
Beauty of the face is fleeting.
"Style" and "manner" both are fleeting:
Sowing love—the love you'll gather, day by day.
Are your hands all red with working, little girl?
From the lye in soap-suds lurking, little girl?
Are they just a trifle big,—
Are the other girls more "trig"?
Let me whisper in your ear something true:
God has given us the rose, little girl,
But the green grass wider grows, little girl.
Roses quickly bloom and pass;
But we always need the grass,
And I love its fragrant growing—I love you.
—Clifton S. Wady.

—The Catholics of Cross Forks will have a new church in the near future.

—Don't fail to attend the entertainment at the opera house to-morrow evening.

—Mace & Templeton at the opera house to-morrow afternoon and evening.

—J. F. Varner had his left arm severely burned by glass at the factory last Monday.

—Judging by the weather the Republican victory caused the Democratic tears to flow profusely.

—Ground has been broken for a new opera house at Austin to take the place of the one destroyed by fire over a year ago.

—Read J. Colegrove's bargain day advertisement in another column. He offers you no bargains which you cannot afford to lose sight of.

—Prof. Houseworth, eye specialist, will be at the store of M. L. Armstrong on Monday, November 21. See advertisement in another column.

—St. Louis has projected a world's fair for 1903, in celebration of the centennial anniversary of the purchase of the territory of Louisiana by the United States.—Ex.

—The delegate to the State convention of the W. C. T. U. will give her report Wednesday, November 23, in the M. E. chapel. All are invited to the meeting at 3 p. m.

—If eggs are scarce when you are making pumpkin pies, use a tablespoonful of flour in place of one of the eggs you would use and you will never know the difference.—Ex.

—Squire Ford has been confined to the house for several days with some ailment of the head. But that did not deter him from casting a good Republican vote on Tuesday.

—Married, at the Snyder House, Nov. 2, by the Rev. Dr. Ashton, rector of St. Stephen's church, Mr. Hans Malm to Miss Bertha Gallup, both of Colegrove, Pa.—Olean Times.

—Company C football team defeated Lancaster at Bradford Saturday by a score of 42 to 0. On Tuesday the Jamestown High school team was beaten by the soldiers, 26 to 0.

—A German trial for swindling with forged autographs of Martin Luther brought out the fact that the ink used by Luther 380 years ago is so good that copies can still be taken from it.—Ex.

—The Farm Journal says, "A dead cur kills no sheep." Another good piece of advice is the following: Always keep a lump of rock salt in a little box beside your horses' manger. It will save turns of colic.

—List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport for the week ending November 5, 1898: Clark Cummings, A. G. Shaffner, H. N. Wilcox. Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised."

—Mrs. E. E. Chambers & Co. advertise the last two days of their sale this week. Their week's sale proved a flattering success but they still have some good bargains on hand. Read their ad. and give them a call.

—The Thanksgiving number of the Ladies' Home Journal was never surpassed by any periodical. Housewives when they secure a copy are so interested with its attractions that they forget their household duties.

—Mace & Templeton's Warograph and High Class Vaudeville and Comedy Co. gave a most pleasing entertainment at the opera house Tuesday evening. By request a return date will be played to-morrow night, with afternoon matinee.

—The MINER man visited the Camp Glass Works last Tuesday and noticed an unusually happy and contented look on the faces of the men. Manager Camp when asked the cause, replied that no finer glass is being manufactured anywhere.

—The Ol' Man Racket has something interesting to say to you in his ad. this week. He had such a remarkable sale last Saturday that he ran out of goods, but assures his readers that it won't occur again. Carefully read his ad. and profit thereby.

—Why don't some of our thrifty farmers' wives make apple butter. It would command a good market price. Along the Susquehanna waters one can scarcely enter a farm house this season of the year and not find a good stock of apple butter made up for a year ahead.

—Eldred's football team was defeated by the Port Allegany aggregation on the Eldred gridiron last Friday afternoon by a score of 17 to 5. Eldred is noticably stronger than when our boys faced them last, and the next time our boys line up against them they won't have much of a snap.

—Now that the political battle is over it is time for the farmers to get in line for a most profitable time at the annual agricultural convention. Farmers may disagree politically, but they can work together harmoniously on the best mode of conducting their farms to make agriculture successful.

—Charles Latham will please accept the thanks of the MINER for a complete copy of the directory of Potter county, with its many lively villages and boroughs. It came to the MINER like the visit of an old friend and will be highly appreciated. The work is very complete and ought to be in every home in Potter county.

—B. E. Olson of Oleona, Pa., agent for the Simonds improved saw, manufactured at Fitchburg, Mass., was in town on Tuesday, the guest of ye editor. The saw takes the preference with all woodsmen, and is, in fact, the only cross cut saw in use to-day. Its qualities are unsurpassed. The only difficulty dealers meet with is to fill their orders.

—Rev. Dr. Walker will preach on the following topics next Sunday, Nov. 13th: In the morning at 10:30, "Revival: Its Hindering Causes." In the evening at 7:30, Washington as Compared with the Unscrupulous Politician—the second of a course of sermon lectures on the Dangerous Classes. A special invitation is given to the young people to hear these practical lectures.

—Twenty-one colored soldiers got into a row with the conductor on a southern railroad because he threatened to put off a white soldier from Camp Alger who had no money to pay his fare. The colored troops handed him the amount of the man's fare, which they collected among themselves. A black skin doesn't necessarily cover a black heart. The colored soldier is all right.—Ex.

—A hen farmer, who makes a business of selling eggs, has taken to examining his fowls with X-rays to see if they contain eggs. It would be a good thing to apply the same test to some of the eggs sent to market to see if they contain fowls.—Exchange. It would be more to the point to apply the X-rays to the farmer who offers the hen or hen fruit for sale to see how near he comes to fulfilling some of the market requirements.

—F. M. Van Wormer is the pioneer manufacturer of hemlock lumber in the Oswayo valley. He began the manufacture of lumber in the spring of 1863 and has been at it ever since. By hard work and strict attention to business he has been very successful. His employes receive their pay every Saturday night, although in the early days Mr. Van Wormer said that it was sometimes pretty hard squeezing to do it.—Ceres Mail.

—Something for the boys from Hoard's Dairyman: Suppose A buys ten cows in calf; that these cows breed regularly one calf each year; that their female offspring each produce a calf at two years old, and that one-half the calves from the original cows and their female off spring are heifers, the male calves not being counted; how many will the herd number at the end of ten years, provided none have died in the meantime; and if the male calves are also counted, what would the number be?

—The Chicago Chronicle states that "C. C. Hall, chemist for the Union steel company at Alexandria, Ind., has just applied for patents on a process whereby he is enabled to make the softest, whitest wool from the mildest, roughest lime stone." Woolen manufacturers of Boston are making tests of this wonderful invention and converting the wool into clothing. "It is said that water has no effect on this artificial wool, and fire will not harm it." This is a most wonderful discovery.

—Private Paul B. Selden of Company C is responsible for one of the most mournful mementoes that has reached this county from Porto Rico. It is a snap-shot photo of the grave of Ervin M. Kerns. The last resting place of the popular Smethport man is situated on a broad plain surrounded by rolling hills and as far as the eye can reach there is nothing—absolutely nothing—but lonesomeness. A slight mound at the head of which stands a headstone bearing the name Kerns, is all that indicates that man has ever visited the place. More than one heart will throb the quicker from a glance at that photo.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—Something is the matter with the sun. At least that is how a Danish scientist accounts for the intense heat of the summer and the eccentric variations of autumn weather. He claims that the climates of the earth are undergoing an important change, and that the arctic regions are gradually becoming temperate and that the temperate regions are slowly approaching another glacial period, when their surface is to be covered for thousands of years with ice. There is, however, plenty of time to get ready for migrating to a place of safety, as we shall not be glacialized before 10,000 years. Still, it is just as well to be prepared to move.—Boston Herald.

—Herbert A. Miller whose former home was in Reading, Pa., but for the last year has been employed as stenographer in the liquor store of Messrs. N. R. Collins & Co., committed suicide at his rooms in the Newell block on Monday morning by shooting himself with a revolver. Failing to appear at the store a young man was sent to his rooms. The door was locked but by looking over the transom he saw Miller's body on the floor. The alarm was given and the door was broken in. The body when found was warm. Miller was around on the streets Sunday night until 11 o'clock apparently in the best of spirits. No reason thus far has been discovered for this terrible deed of self destruction. His mother and brother in Reading were notified of the sad event. The brother arrived Tuesday and took the body home with him for interment. No inquest was held.

—Traffic on the railroads is very heavy, measured by earnings it shows constant improvement. Gross earnings of all roads in the United States reporting for October to date or part of the month are $30,877,826, 5.7 per cent over last year and 6.1 per cent over 1892. The statement is better than for the preceding five months. Traffic is heavier and rates improved. In September earnings were larger than last year or 1892, but the increase in October is larger than September.—Dun's.

—The hay, the hogs and the wheat grown in one year would pay all the expenses of operating all the railroads and leave $45,665,314, or enough to pay for hauling one ton of freight 5,381,122 miles, or about 215 times around the world. The railroad business does not begin to compare in magnitude and importance with that of agriculture. In fact, the railroad, like all other business enterprises, lives on the products of the soil. Its money is made by handling and sorting what farmers have grown and others have handled. Why should a railroad man be ranked above a farmer? says the Rural New Yorker.

—The following from an exchange will interest the women: In the matter of women's rights Abyssinia is far ahead of Europe and America. According to an authority, the house and all its contents belong to her, and if the husband offends her she not only can but does turn him out of doors till he is duly repentant and makes amends by the gift of a cow or the half of a camel—that is to say, half the value of a camel. On the other hand it is the privilege and duty of the wife to abuse her husband, and she can divorce herself from him at pleasure, whereas the husband must show reasons to justify such an act on his part.—Ex.

—A significent order has been issued by Col. Richards of the Sixteenth regiment to the various companies in his command, and men in a position to know say that it means that the regiment is to see no more service. The officers in command of companies have been notified to secure an inventory of all equipments, excepting uniforms, belonging to the government. The soldiers are told to affect citizen dress. The order does not say in so many words that the regiment is to be mustered out, but it is regarded as sure that such will be the case. It is believed that the Sixteenth regiment will not have to go to Cuba at all, but that some other Pennsylvania regiment will take its place in the first brigade, first division of the first army corps.—Bradford Star.

—Bradford's San Juan heroes, Co. C, stopped off a couple of hours at Olean Saturday, on their way home from Philadelphia. The Bee representative looked with envious eyes upon the warm reception given some of the boys by their admirers among the Olean young ladies. These certain boys were "Hobsonized" in a way that was more pleasing to the recipients of the kisses than to the spectators. It was also noticed that the popular Captain Burns was in citizen's clothes and attracted little attention from any but those who happened to know him. When the kissing bee occured the gallant captain was soon flying up the track to their special car and quickly returned with his officers' cap and coat on, determined, as at San Juan, that when "danger" was ahead for Co. C, their commanding officer was willing and anxious to lead them. In this case, however, we honestly believe the Captain would have been willing to follow Corporal Dunne or any other of his gallant company. So far as we could see the Captain donned his uniform too late to get into the real enjoyment of the occasion, and felt real sorry for him. While in the city the Bradford soldiers made a visit to the armory. They attracted a good deal of attention from everyone. Come again, boys.—Olean Bee.

In Memoriam.

On Tuesday morning, November 8th, just as the shadows were breaking before the bright light of the rising sun, the spirit of Mrs. Emily Gleason passed gently on to its rest and reward. It was a fit hour and the dawn of a bright autumn day.

Her pilgrimage had continued for sixty-four years. She was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Ghordis Corwin when less than one year old. She grew up to womanhood under the careful eye of Mrs. Corwin, who now past ninety years of age mourns the loss, which she calmly bears, of her loved daughter.

Mrs. Gleason was brought into the church when in her youth, holding in the Methodist Episcopal church a faithful membership for over fifty years. Her christian life was beautiful and symmetrical. Fond of her class meeting and church service. Her pastor visited her a few hours before her death and found her sweetly reposing in a Saviour's love. Her faith was supreme and her death triumphant. Her neighbors witness to her great kindness and love. Her only son, Ralph, can testify to the constant devotion of a loving mother.

She had felt the keenness of sorrow in the losses which she had sustained. Twenty years ago her dear Dora in the sweetness and prime of life, passed forward to the heavenly bliss. Less than two years ago her devoted husband entered the same glory life. Through it all she was patient and trustful.

It is pleasant to think that now the three are together. Heaven is richer for such accessions and earth really poorer.

Her funeral was held from the Methodist Episcopal church on Thursday afternoon, her pastor, Rev. Dr. Walker, conducting the service. A large number was present, and the following persons as pall bearers bore the worthy disciple and honored saint to her final resting place in our beautiful Rose Hill cemetery: F. G. Lindholm, F. W. Brownell, M. L. Church, H. L. Burlingame, Alfred Sturdivient and C. E. Barrett.

May the good life of the departed one be an example faithfully copied by all who came under its influence. So we part to meet in the better life.

"Deathless spirit now arise;
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price by Jesus bought,
To His glorious likeness wrought.
Go, to shine before the throne;
Deck the Mediator's crown;
Go, His triumph to adorn;
Made for God, to God return."
—W.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefitted from first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles found herself sound and well; now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was. Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at A. B. Armstrong & Co.'s drug store. Large bottles 50c and $1.00.

For Sale.

Sealed proposals will be received until Dec. 15, 1898, for about 200 acres having thereon part of the original timber of oak, ash, hemlock, beech, maple, etc., being part of the old Turtle Point mill property, warrants 115 and 181, Eldred, Pa. Will sell timber without land or minerals. Right to receive or reject all bids. Address

W. S. BROWNELL,
46-tf Smethport, Pa.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Judge T. A. Morrison spent Sunday in Kane.

H. F. Germann was up from Eldred Wednesday.

I. W. Boston transacted business in Bradford Monday.

Charles Lauden of Kane was a guest at the Wright House Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Weaver visited the oil metropolis on Tuesday.

H. J. Dolittle of Eldred was an early visitor in town Wednesday.

Bert Christley of Colegrove was transacting business in town Monday.

S. L. Holcomb of Annin Creek was a most agreeable caller last Wednesday.

Mrs. C. A. Frisbee of Farmers Valley was a pleasant caller at this office Wednesday.

W. I. Lewis of Coudersport spent Sunday in town the guest of E. H. Colegrove.

Leo Hafner, son of Philip Hafner of Kasson, was a most agreeable caller on Monday.

Att'y E. L. Ryan and Miss Hicks drove down from Kane Saturday, returning Sunday.

Jay McGee of Colegrove was in town Wednesday and was a pleasant caller at this office.

'Squire E. R. Nash of Rixford came over last Wednesday to discover how it all happened.

J. M. McElroy came over from Bradford Monday night and autographed at the Grand Central.

S. R. Dresser, D. D. G. M. of Bradford was in town Wednesday night attending to his duties.

Editor J. H. Wood of the Kane Leader was in town Wednesday night counting up the Prohibition vote.

Mrs. Cora Mitchell and daughter of East Bradford were guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Mitchell over Sunday.

Democratic County Chairman Hangiville went to Bradford yesterday morning to rejoice with the gang. If there is a man on earth who feels perfectly satisfied with himself it is Tom. Well, he is a fighter.

Chas. Pinlson and Frank McKeown brought in the returns Wednesday. Their excellent work during the campaign materially assisted in bringing forth the magnificent Republican majority in Hamlin township.

Misses Ora King, Lucy Backus, Grace E. McCoy, Agnes McCoy and Orlo J. Hamlin, B. M. Shook, W. T. Seger, Chas. McCoy, Ray Wolters and Thos. Cole visited Emporium Wednesday evening and attended a dancing party.

R. K. Godding, local editor, and W. C. Collinge, foreman of the Kane Daily Republican, were most agreeable callers at the MINER office Wednesday. The former was return judge for the second ward and the latter for the first ward.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. McKean returned from a six weeks' visit in Michigan and Canada last Monday night. About fifteen lady and gentleman friends, under the marshallship of Major-General Chas. McKean, went down and broke into the house and had a regular house warming and an elegant repast prepared for the arrivals all of which was heartily enjoyed. The travelers report having had a most enjoyable time and the trip seems to have agreed with both of them. Jim looks the perfect picture of contentment and has gained nine pounds while Mrs. McKean has increased her avoirdupois ten pounds.

Report.

Following is the report of the Nunundah Butter & Cheese Co., Limited, for the month of October:

Milk received from all patrons,	[illegible]
Fat contained therein,	[illegible]
Butter made therefrom,	[illegible]
Butter sold for,	[illegible]
Cream and buttermilk sold for,	[illegible]
For making butter at [illegible] cents per lb.,	[illegible]
Price of fat per pound net,	[illegible]
Average price of butter during month,	[illegible]

Notice.

For some time past there has been an impression in the minds of some of my friends and patrons that I did not care to attend night calls. I wish to say that this is a mistake. I am as ready to wait on the sick at night as in the day, and hope to do so as long as I continue to practice medicine. Very Respectfully,

2t H. L. McCOY, M. D.

How to Look Good.

Good looks are really more than skin deep, depending entirely on a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver be inactive, you have a bilious look; if your stomach be disordered you have a dyspeptic look; if your kidneys be disordered, you have a pinched look. Secure good health, and you will surely have good looks. "Electric Bitters" is a good alterative and tonic. Acts directly on the stomach, liver and kidneys. Purifies the blood, cures pimples, blotches and boils, and gives a good complexion. Every bottle guaranteed. Sold at A. B. Armstrong & Co.'s drug store 50 cents per bottle.

From New Zealand.

Reefton, New Zealand, Nov. 23, '96.

I am very pleased to state that since I took the agency of Chamberlain's medicines the sale has been very large, more especially of the Cough Remedy. In two years I have sold more of that particular remedy than of all other makes for the previous five years. As to its efficacy, I have been informed by scores of persons of the good results they have received from it, and know its value from the use of it in my own household. It is so pleasant to take that we have to place the bottle beyond the reach of the children.

E. J. Scantlebury.

For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

The Best Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on to the affected parts is superior to any plaster. When troubled with a pain in the pain in the chest or side, or a lame back, give it a trial. You are certain to be more than pleased with the prompt relief which it affords. Pain Balm is also a certain cure for rheumatism. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Many a household is saddened by death because of the failure to keep on hand a safe and absolutely certain cure for croup such as One Minute Cough Cure. See that your little ones are protected against emergency. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Soothing, healing, cleansing. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the implacable enemy of sores, burns and wounds. It never fails to cure piles. You may rely upon that. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Late to bed and early to rise, prepares a man for his home in the skies. But early to bed and a Little Early Riser the pill that makes life longer and better and wiser. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

When you ask for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve don't accept a counterfeit or imitation. There are more cases of piles being cured by this than all others combined. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

For Rent.

Two good frame houses, lathed and plastered, in good condition, good garden spots, each with gas and well of water. For terms and conditions inquire of

3t H. L. McCOY.

We observe especially attractive displays of art goods and novelties in ladies' neckwear this week at F. G. Lindholm & Co.'s store.

A. B. Armstrong & Co. guarantee the American Silver Truss to give entire satisfaction or refund money.

Small children's suits in pretty patterns, with waist coats, at R. Seger & Son's.

Examine well those silk-lined box coats at R. Seger & Son's.

Neckwear in all colors and shapes at R. Seger & Son's.

When in need of a good smoke ask for the "Yukon Girl" and "Mayola" cigars.

Give the "Yukon Girl" a puff.

MANSFIELD NORMAL SCHOOL.

Six courses of study. Practical training school for teachers. A large Model School. Three able and experienced critic teachers. A large class in Kindergarten work. Strong corps teachers in all departments. New Laboratory. New Dept. this year of Agriculture and Nature Study; special attention given to Field Work. The best advantages for preparation for college. Certificates from this school admit to the best colleges. Particular attention is called to Departments of Elocution, Art and Music. Beautiful Grounds. Magnificent Buildings. Electric Lights. Elevator. [illegible] Swedish Gymnastics taught. Fine Gymnasium. Large Athletic Grounds. Fall Term opens August [illegible]. Winter Term [illegible]. Spring Term March [illegible]. Special Term for teachers [illegible]. For catalogue giving full information of Courses of Study, Expenses, Etc., address,

S. H. ALBRO, Ph. D., Principal,
[illegible] Mansfield, Pa.

A Literary Gem.

The following is a fair sample of [illegible]

[illegible]

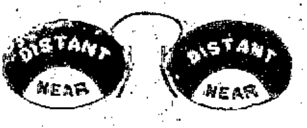
Say Well [illegible] think she won't [illegible] Concerning this Spain was how cowardly mean Low this big Savage [illegible] that Small cuntary taking away all thayer Hands Shame calling them [illegible] it is the same with that has evry thing the weakest Side allways hurt by these dretfull men woman folks see howe thay are served orfull a man can drink use all is mony go with other women go home with abuse no Law She Cant do nothing oh no the term wears pants She must marrie because she is taunted to it and then what after the filthy tuck of man She is muzzled then and chained in her pen She has droped the faitall hach on her Self once in a while one can See a man one in about a hundred thousand and So it with poor Little Spain the Cowardly Janks know they would beat them calling themSelves warrours. Re not so Janks nor Sweeds dont know very much thay knowe howe to Church the weakest Side of anny thing thay are well Skilled Beeings in that this hot headed McKinley had got too have war the first thing wagers have fell down and we was all to ware Crowns and all be rich when Mckinly got the chair Suethporters think thay are rich with thayer little glass red plant it will give all the idle good for nothinks work we dont see it yet thers the same old suffers too be seen old rag men around Just the same Scenting the plases with thayer Stinking old rag wagons thayer ought too be drove off the roads Every one of the Lasey wretches Such filthy Sights going around folks having such bad smelling carts by thayer door thire is no change in nothing for anny good all was drove off the roads anny kind of Peddlers thay just do that to keepe thayer Selves a going home is nothing too such vagabonds what do thay care only to go in and out Just too have a Stoping Place that is the ammount of all rotton Peddlars no good Laws dont preavall all things was to be so good and Every thing Has been the other way. Such turning and Spinning plenty of factorys is what pecks. the moon has no favour too rich nor too poor it give unto all it Brightning Light and also the Stars Smiles on us when the mother moon disapears. all too do her dutey in other parts

R. Seger & Son wish to call particular attention to their fine line of ladies' collars and cuffs.

Messrs E. C. Henry & Co. are headquarters for the sale of Pittsburg stogies. Give them a trial.

The finest of room moulding 50 varieties to select from. Call on L. Koenig Water street.

People troubled with corns and bunions will find relief by calling on Alfred Sturdivient.



MONDAY, NOV. 21st.

FREE EYE EXAMINATION.

Tears Without Crie,
Do you shed them?

Can you read fine print without shedding tears? Do your eyes ache when you read by lamp light? Does the wind or strong light cause them to water? If your sight is defective we can help you. We can tell you precisely how to correct the defect which your eyes suffer.

Prof. HOUSEWORTH,
Eye Specialist;
Formerly with Queen & Co., Phila.
At the store of
M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Smethport, Pa.

NEW MEAT MARKET,
Norman C. Keefer, Prop'r,
Cor. Mechanic and Willow Sts.

THE FINEST OF
STEAKS, ROASTS AND
BOILING MEATS

always on hand. All kinds POULTRY a specialty.

Call and examine my stock and get prices.

N. C. KEEFER,
Smethport, Pa.

2-DAYS-2.

S. HICKS,
OPTICIAN,
KANE,

WILL TEST EYES AND FIT GLASSES AT

Dr. Chadwick's Drug Store,
Smethport, Pa.,
MONDAY,&TUESDAY,
NOVEMBER 21 and 22.

Office hours from 1 to 4 p. m. and 7 to 9 p. m.

For a
FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW
Step into the
Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars and
Fine Confectionaries
Always on Hand.
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE,
SMETHPORT. PA.

EMIL THAMM,
TAXIDERMIST.
Birds and Animals finely Stuffed and Mounted.
Manufacturer of Fine Cigars.

STOP AND SEE
Holder, the Grocery Man,
Opera House Block, Smethport, Pa.
Who solicits a share of your patronage.
GOOD GOODS. LOW PRICES.

WE WANT YOU!

to get acquainted with our store and our business methods. We carry a large and complete stock of goods and are in a position to save you money. It will pay you to look here when in need of anything in house furnishings. We send samples of anything that can be sampled. If you are thinking of furnishing a house, WRITE US; if you are just starting house-keeping, WRITF US. We keep everything to make home bright and cheerful. We have furnished over 200 homes in northern Pennsylvania to the entire satisfaction of our customers. We certainly can please you. We are making great preparations for holiday trade, buying large quantities of Chairs, Pictures, Tables, Rugs, Draperies, etc. Some of our departments are:—

Side Boards
Book Cases
Chamber Suites
Parlor Suites
Upholstery Goods
Brass Beds
Iron Beds
Writing Desks
Office Desks
Office Chairs
Carpets
Linoleums
Window Shades

Couches
Rockers
Dining Tables
Dining Chairs
China Closets
Morris Chairs
Leather "
Rattan "
Pictures
Rugs
Oil Cloth
Mattings
Hassocks

Mouldings
Baby Carriages
Picture Framing
Fancy Grille
Mattrasses
Bed Springs
Upholstery to order
Pillows
Feathers
Draperies
Lace Curtains
Curtain Poles
Curtain Materials

All grades Wall Papers.
We pay freight. We sew Carpets free.

ANDREWS & CONKLING,
135-137-139 Union St. OLEAN, N. Y.

Gas Heaters
from $2.00 up
At **Mason's Hardware**

Gas Ranges,
Wood and
Coal Ranges.

Any kind of a stove at a very low figure.

Two Crates of Dinner Ware to be sold before Nov. 1, 1898.

F. A. Mason,
SMETHPORT, PA.

Cash Bargain Day,
Sat. Nov. 12,
At J. COLEGROVE'S

8 lbs Oat flake for	25c
Arm & Hammer Soda, lb	6c
Baking Chocolate lb	40c
4-lb pkg Gold Star washing powder	15c
3 cans Red Seal lye for	25c
Heinz qt. jar apple butter for	15c
Extra bargains in ladies' wraps.	
Remember our fine mackeral to-day, per lb	10c
Full cream cheese, per lb	10c
Royal Baking Powder, 1 lb cans for	40c
Bloch Bros. Mail Pouch tobacco, per pkg	4c
Five Brothers tobacco, pkg	8c
Medium hand picked beans, to-day per lb	3c
Few more of those 37½c hats will close out, each	25c
Our underwear stock is complete.	
Clover Leaf salmon, 2 cans for	35c
A few odds and ends of different kinds of soap, 10 bars	25c
2 lb package Graino for	20c
Any $1.00 pair of pants to-day at	75c

J. Colegrove,
106 EAST MAIN STREET.

ACME MILL,
J. H. GREEN, Prop'r.

MY STOCK IS FRESH
AND CONSISTS OF:

Flour, Feed, Meal,
Wheat, Corn
Oats, Hay,
Straw, Bran,
Middlings, Hominy,
Linseed Meal, Etc.

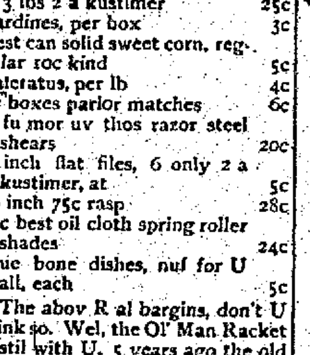
Goods Delivered Promptly.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident
written by
W. F. SPECHT,
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies.


YOU CAN'T HELP THINKING ABOUT THOSE LOW PRICES

How kin E do it. Just think ov it.

SATURDAY BARGAINS.

10 lbs granulated sugar, only 10 lbs to a kustimer, per lb	5c
3 lbs Arbuckles' Coffee, only 3 lbs 2 a kustimer	25c
Sardines, per box	3c
Best can solid sweet corn, regular 10c kind	5c
Saleratus, per lb	4c
12 boxes parlor matches	6c
A fu mor uv thos razor steel shears	20c
8 inch flat files, 6 only 2 a kustimer, at	5c
16 inch 75c rasp	28c
45c best oil cloth spring roller shades	24c
Blue bone dishes, nuf for U all, each	5c

The abov R al bargins, don't U think so. Wel, the Ol' Man Racket iz stil with U. 5 years ago the old 100 per centers predicted that 2 or 3 months would wind up my little wheel barro load ov trash. Yes, trash iz what they kalled it, but the mor tha talk'd the mor the Ol' Man had 2 hustle 2 ti up the trash. 2-da the Ol' Man iz known for miles around—not for hi prices, trickery and dishonesty, but for being white, just & treating U 1 & al alik. Our goods R marked in plain fig that U al can tel. The Ol' Man has caused the ol' reglars to tumble from their hi mark to the racket mark. Let me nam U sum ov thes goods:

Stove pipe, 20 & 25c, now	13c
Nails, per lb	5c to 3c
Sadiron handles, 30c, now	10c
25c tin pails, now	10c
65c kerosene faucet	35c
15c 8 inch files	8c
$3.00 kopper bilers	$1.75
$1.25 kopper nickled te pots	65c
Kopper rivits	25c to 13c
10c hame and tug staples	3c

I kould giv U a string a rod long ov thes goods that I hav kut in 2. Now U al kno it iz no li. It iz the solid, solemn unmasked truth. Iz it a wonder tha bite me in the back evry da or so. It iz just the reason I cannot get a commercial rating.

Farmers, hav U not had enuf ov this high priced business. Wil U not stand by each other & fight for honor. You kno that "God helps those" &c. Why wil U trad on the ol 30 da rates? Why not pa cash & kno wher U R?

Let me sa 2 U doubting Thomases that ther iz no better flour on the market 2 da than Scouller's best at $1.15. U don't run any risk; if not satisfactory, return it & get yur cash. Santa Claus iz stopping at present at the Racket Store, receiving orders for dolls, candies, &c. B sure & kall B 4 2 late.

Last Sat. I ran out ov sugar but wil try & not let it occur again. When U kum 2 my stor again pleas tak time 2 look around. Tak time 2 go up in gallery & C what U wil find up ther. We keep dishes, furniture, wagons, sleighs, &c. It iz a good place 2 get warm thes kold days. Just rec'd of manuf'r a nu line ov toy & hand sleighs. Tha R beauties. Tubular lanterns, Nos. 1 & 2, 44c & 65c.

A. E. STICKLES,
Sprague Block. Smethport.

REMOVED TO
The CALLAR BLOCK

JOHN MILLER,
THE FASHIONABLE TAILOR

CUTS OF LATEST STYLES
Free for the Inspection of Customers.
Neatest of Fits Guaranteed.
GIVE ME A TRIAL.

Duff's College
Gives a specialized Bread-winning Education.
For catalogue address
P. DUFF & SONS, 244 Fifth Avenue,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

FARM WANTED—State cash and time price. Anson M. Russell, Akron, O.

Smoke the "Yukon Girl."

"THAT CHEAP LOOK"

IS NOT A CHARACTERISTIC
OF OUR FURNITURE.

While it sells at the lowest level, it carries an air of respectability, comfort and grace that is to be found nowhere else except at a great advance in price. Remember, when about to purchase Furniture, that no matter how high the price or what the actual value, if characterized with "That Cheap Look" it must detract from the appearance of your home and that money thus expended is worse than thrown away. Our forte is to assist you in avoiding this calamity.

SLOAN & ERVIN,
16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA

WELL DRESSED YOUNG MEN

Have a Most Decided Advantage.

It has never before been so easy for any young man who has the desire to be extra well dressed, to do so for such a small amount of money.

New Fall and Winter Suits in the latest styles and from the newest woolens.

$5.50 SUITS AT $5.50

and upwards that you have always had to pay a great deal more for.

Hats, Neckwear, Furnishings,

and the little things that finish out a young man's outfit, all may be had here at a most decided and desirable saving.

H. W. Rubin & Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

are the last days of the great sale. We have left some very choice

Ladies' Coats, Capes,
Jackets, Dress Goods,
New Linings, Swell
Shoes, Gloves

and all the novelties of the season. Come in to day and to-morrow and get some of these goods at bargain prices.

Mrs. E. E. Chambers & Co.,
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The Newest and Best Only.
Fall Styles in Hats.
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THE OLD RELIABLE
FURNITURE DEALERS,

Are better prepared than ever to fill your wants in their line. Their stock is full and complete. Their prices at rock-bottom. Do not fail to give them a call.

UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

FRESH OYSTERS
Canned Goods,
Fresh Candy,
Fresh Bread
AT
Brasted's

[illegible]

[illegible] shall we lay in his fingers cold
[illegible] in his shroud,
[illegible] their beauty hold
[illegible] that hardly can hold
[illegible] in a crowd?

[illegible] lily and [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible] that blows
[illegible] daisy knows
[illegible] the dew of his teardrop fall!
—[illegible] in Criterion.

IN MEMORIAM.

For 36 years the house at 36 Bond street—a specimen of a fine New York residence of 60 years ago and long the only private house remaining on what is now a business thoroughfare—has remained closed, except that a caretaker occupies the basement. Above this the blinds are tightly shut, and a pull at the front doorbell awakens no response. The house has a deserted, decaying look, and over the large doorplate has grown so much dust that one reads with difficulty the name, "H. Ward."

Henry Ward died many years ago, and his son, Henry Hall Ward, then became owner of the house. It is since his death that the upper portion of it has remained closed and, so far as the public knows, unfrequented by any human being. Yet around this decaying residence there clusters one of the most charming romances, one of the most touching real love stories.

One chapter in this romance passed away when Henry Hall Ward died 26 years ago. The other figure in this tender drama, Miss Elizabeth Ann Partridge, is still living, at the age of 84, in a house to which she came on a two weeks' visit to an aunt 40 years ago. There she has remained ever since, surviving all who were occupants of the house at the time when she arrived for a fortnight's visit, which has now lasted [illegible] years. The aunt whom she came to visit was Mrs. William G. Ward, a relative of Henry Hall Ward. The romance of their lives dates further back than this, for Miss Partridge lived with Henry Hall Ward and his mother until the latter's death.

The romance of the old Bond street house dates from the death of the man she loved and who loved her; whom she was accustomed to walk half way down town to meet every day on his way home from business, and from whom, on his death, she inherited a life interest in practically all his large estate, but whom, for reasons which all who have known of her romance have puzzled over, she never married. Some say the family opposed the marriage on account of their close relationship, for they were cousins. Be that as it may, Henry Hall Ward and Eliza Ann Partridge furnished New York society with a romance for many years, and even [illegible] those who have been in society long enough to remember the circumstances love to dwell upon it and to point to it as a tender shoot springing up in a society in which much is thought to be calculating, frivolous and vain.

When Henry Hall Ward died at Saratoga, in 1872, the executors to whom the bulk of his estate was left in trust for Miss Partridge wondered what disposition she would make of the old Bond street house. Business was already beginning to spring up in its vicinity. It was a valuable piece of real estate, and capable, if improved, of yielding a large income. But Miss Partridge acted promptly and in a way which more than anything else she could have done showed how tenderly she held her lover's memory. There were two servants in the house—Mr. Ward's valet and the latter's wife. To them she gave strict orders that in the floors above the basement not a thing was to be touched. Everything, even to the books and papers, was to remain exactly as Mr. Ward had left them when he went to Saratoga to die. The two people who had so faithfully served her lover during his life were to remain in care of the house.

Further than this, however, Miss Partridge showed an interest in the house of her lover which served to keep the romance of her life fresh in the minds of all who knew her. Every day she walked down from her residence in Thirty-seventh street to the old Bond street house and went through it, satisfying herself that except for the mellowness of added age everything remained exactly the same as her lover had left it. Day after day the lonely figure was seen entering the house, and day after day she came forth as if from the tomb of her hopes. Only one change took place in the interior aspect, and that change was due to her devotion to her lover's memory. To appreciate it one must know something about the house and one of its inmate's hobbies.

This house is an old fashioned brick structure, with a basement, three stories and an attic with dormer windows. The iron railings on the front steps are unusually ornate, and the front door, with its old colonial columns, supporting [illegible] lunette, is a joy to the student of old time architecture. The interior arrangements of the house depart from the usual New York style of residence in that the stairs are placed far back, with a landing and a turn half way up, from which a window looks out on the back yard. This gives unusual spaciousness to the hall. The furniture of the parlor and the dining room [illegible] of it was of mahogany, not of the heavy, cumbersome kind, but lighter in style and more ornate. A conspicuous feature in the parlor was a superb leopard skin, which lay in front of the fireplace and mantel, and a little aside from either end of the dining room table were two stands, on which perched parrots, one of which had belonged to Joseph Bonaparte.

Henry Hall Ward had been very fond of birds. The [illegible] of the backyard was [illegible] high, was covered with vines and [illegible] with dovecots. The parrots and doves were great pets of Mr. Ward's. After his death Miss Partridge had them most carefully tended. As one by one they died she had them stuffed and placed in a front hall room on the second floor. This is the only particular in which the interior aspect of the house was changed from the exact condition in which Mr. Ward, or "Mr. Henry," as Miss Partridge would call him in speaking of him to his old servants, left it.

For many years she continued her solitary vigil and wandered through the rooms which had so many tender memories for her—for she herself had lived there until the death of her lover's mother, but with the lapse of years, [illegible] owing to the fact that not a ray of sun could find its way through the tightly closed shutters, the house became musty, and the books, the papers, the stuffed birds and the many pictures and objects of taste began to show [illegible].

Then Miss Partridge took a step which must have given her heart a great wrench. Except for the caretaker's quarters, she had the entire interior of the house stripped and everything taken to her residence, and from that time her visits to the house have ceased, but even when the house was being stripped the shutters were not opened, and it is a fact that for 26 years they have remained tightly closed.

Henry Hall Ward, to whom Miss Partridge has remained so faithful for so many years, was one of the leaders of the New York society of his day and in which the Ward family is still represented by his cousins—General William G. Ward, who was an officer in the United States volunteer service during the civil war, and Mr. Charles H. Ward; Mr. Francis H. Ward, the latter's son, is secretary of the Knickerbocker club, and another son, Henry Ward, is with Troop A in Porto Rico.

Henry Hall Ward was president of the New York club in its early days, [illegible] member of the Union club and of the Society of the Cincinnati, of which he was also treasurer. The Ward family owes its membership in this society to Colonel Samuel Ward, an officer of the Revolutionary army, who was Henry Hall Ward's grandfather. The portrait of another ancestor, Governor Richard Ward of Rhode Island, is now the property of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Henry Hall Ward's father was a brother of Samuel Ward, whose son, Samuel, was the Sam Ward, famous as a wit, scholar and bon vivant. Other cousins of Henry Hall Ward were Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Crawford, the wife of the sculptor and the mother of F. Marion Crawford. It seems a wonder that the novelist should not have woven this romance, which he found ready to hand in his own family, into a novel.

Henry Hall Wards' social position may be judged from the fact that among the pallbearers at his funeral in Grace church were John Jacob Astor, Walter L. Cutting, Johnston Livingston and James Francis Ruggles.

Eliza Ann Partridge's relationship to Henry Hall Ward arose from the fact that their mothers were sisters. They were members of the Hall family of Pomfret, Conn. J. Prescott Hall, her uncle, was William M. Evart's first law partner. Those who knew Miss Partridge as a girl, so many years ago, describe her as charming. She was of medium height, had brown eyes and an abundance of strikingly dark hair. She is said, even now, at the age of 84, to preserve much of her youthful beauty.

When Henry Hall Ward died, one of his friends penned these lines in his memory:

> Honored and loved, he passed away
> As sinks a summer's day to rest;
> The brightest when the radiant clouds
> Of silent evening gem the west.

Does the woman who still treasures his memory think of these lines as she gazes into the sunset?—New York Herald.

WILLING EXILES.

The English and Americans Are Important Factors In Paris Life.

"On and after this date," wrote Napoleon I to Fouche, "see that the English are expelled from Paris."

Such an edict would seem a very large order at the present day, but it was by no means a small one in Napoleon's time. What would the Paris of today be without its English colony? From Sir Edmund Monson, our embassador, to the pale boy who files the English journals at Neal's library in the Rue Castiglione the English are very important factors in Parisian life.

There has been an English colony in the French capital for many centuries, yet one might search in vain for a similar French colony in London. The Leicester and Soho square districts, although owning to a large French population, possess hardly a trace of the flavor or mien that distinguishes the quarter the English frequent in Paris, and it is not a fifth the size.

To speak broadly, Paris has within its walled borders a little London of many thousand persons—not squalid and impoverished, but boasting splendid mansions, fine shops, hotels, churches, hospitals and libraries, and all these to such an extent that it is difficult to believe one is not in the British capital itself.

The inhabitants of this colony might roughly be catalogued as follows: Retired people and gentlefolk who have seen better days, those who desire to have their children educated in the language, business people, authors, artists, students, journalists and professional men, those who have the best of private reasons for living out of England and cranks, which term includes certain individuals who for some cause or other have developed a feeling of hatred for the land of their birth. Nearly all are exiles of their own accord.

On Sunday the elite of the English colony turns out to the Church of the Embassy in the Rue d'Aguesseau. Here for a number of years Dr. Noyes, who was formerly a Leytonstone incumbent, has preached, and here a collection bag goes regularly round, and is as regularly returned in a condition of comparative emptiness. For your Englishman of the English colony is either in a condition to help largely support the church and does or else gives nothing at all.

One thing must be said about the English and Americans who go to Paris. They support the city. Without their patronage there is scarcely a big shop on the boulevards that would not close its doors within a few months.—London Mail.

HER CAT IN HER POCKET.

Bismarck Travels In State Wherever His Mistress Goes.

A woman walked into the breakfast room of one of Chicago's swell hotels, dressed in traveling costume and carrying on her arm a cape of plaid cloth, which she hung over the chair next at table, disposing of it with some care, as if it might be of value.

Then she gave her attention to the menu and discussed a service of fruit while she waited for her order. She was roused from a pleasing study of her plate by a series of "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" and "What a darling!" and a hasty glance showed her a big white Angora cat seated gracefully on the vacant chair at her side.

"Oh, Bismarck, you dreadful cat!" she said, as the head waiter approached with a look in his eye that boded no good to the cat.

"I mus' put him out, madam," he said, with the assurance that goes with head waiters.

But his mistress clicked her fingers and the cat disappeared. Every eye was upon him, yet no one saw him go. The waiter looked on the chair and under it, but pussy had vanished like a dream.

"Find the cat—he is in the picture somewhere," remarked the owner of the pet, as she buttered her toast. But the cat did not come back, and it was not until the woman had finished her breakfast and was leaving the table, with her traveling cape thrown over her arm, that the mystery of the animal's disappearance was explained, and pussy's head was allowed to peep from a capacious inside pocket in that cape.

"He has traveled in that pocket from the Pacific coast, and this is the first time he has given away his hiding place," said his mistress. "He will not pur for fear of being found, but he is near his journey's end now and is getting tired. This cape is his exclusive property, and the pocket is his private car."—Chicago Times-Herald.

"For Valor."

A little story that appeared not long ago in a Spanish comic paper is sent to us by correspondent to show how Spaniards thought of their navy before the present events. A Spanish admiral touching at some foreign port in the natural course of events calls on the governor of the local fort, and on the return call the governor sees the one little gun of the Spanish man-of-war run out to fire a return salute, but at the critical moment the Spanish admiral rushes up and throws the gun, carriage and all, into the sea.

"What!" exclaims the distinguished visitor. "Why do you throw your government's guns overboard?"

"Because," replies the admiral, "if the gun had gone off, it would have blown this whole ship to pieces! That means another decoration for me!"

"How's that?"

"For my courage in saving this ship from destruction."—London News.

Not a Written Line.

Excited Lady (at Atlantic City—Why isn't something done for that ship in distress? Why don't some of you—

Life Saver (hurriedly)—We have sent the crew a line to come ashore, mum.

Excited Lady—Of all things! Were they waiting for a formal invitation?—New York Weekly.

IN STELLAR DEEPS.

In stellar deeps the midnight silence broods;
Worn with the day, the earth low lying sleeps,
While thought invades the eternal solitudes,
The stellar deeps.

Fleets, from a port beyond the explorer's ken,
Majestic move, great argosies of light,
Up from the nether voids unknown of men,
And cross the night.

A pathway down with thistle down of stars,
A pathway white, as if thereon had trod
One whose winged feet shed luster in their flight,
Mounting to God,

Bridges the waste from rolling sphere to sphere,
Spans the blue seas of silence, shore to shore,
An arch of triumph o'er the primal dark
Forever more.

I tremble as a child that finds a door
And with swift, curious hand throws open wide
Into a vast, unpeopled corridor,
Where shadows glide.

Immensity! Thy surges unconfined
Buffet the sense with strong, benumbing shocks,
Hurling the little wreckage of the mind
Upon the rocks!

O thought, return! The engulfing billows toss
Thy tiny cockleshell, their helpless prey!
O reason, halt! Thy chart and compass vain
To find the way!

One envoy more. I wait upon the strand,
And while my soul her awesome vigil keeps
Faith finds safe anchorage, in sight of land,
In stellar deeps.
—Emma Herrick Weed in Youth's Companion.

GEN. SHAFTER'S LESSON.

It Was on This Occasion That He Learned to Decide For Himself.

Here is a story that the Cleveland Leader proffers about General Shafter. It centers about his salient trait of being pugnacious, just as all current and well invented anecdotes of "Fighting Bob" Evans revolve around some incandescent bit of profanity. But the story runs thus, as the general is made to tell it:

"Once, when I was a boy at school—I wasn't more than 10 or 11 years old at the time—our teacher called up the class in mental arithmetic and began putting questions, beginning with the pupil at the head of the row and going down toward the foot, until some one could give the correct answer. I stood somewhere near the middle, and next below me was a boy who was three years older and considerably ahead of me in the various studies that we had.

"'How much are 13 and 9 and 8?' the teacher asked.

"While one after another of the boys and girls ahead of me guessed and failed to get it right I figured out what I thought the answer ought to be. The question had almost got to me when I heard the big boy just below me whispering, apparently to himself, but loud enough for me to hear, '29, 29, 29.'

"Finally the pupil above me failed to answer correctly, and then it was my turn.

"'Well, Willie,' said the teacher, 'let's see if you know the answer. Come, now, be prompt.'

"I cocked my head up proudly on one side, cast a triumphant look at those who had 'fallen down' on the problem and said, so that everybody in the schoolroom could hear me:

"'Twenty-nine!'

"'Next. How many are 13 and 9 and 8?'

"'Aw!' said the big boy below me, with a look of supreme contempt at the rest of us, '30!'

"That was what I had figured it to be myself, and when the teacher said 'correct' I wanted to fight.

"I didn't assault him, but I made up my mind right there and then to depend on my own judgment in the future, and ever since then when I have had anything to do and had figured out what I considered the best way to do it I have gone ahead, remembering, when people criticised or tried to throw me off the track, how that big boy made a fool of me in the mental arithmetic class."

A CHINESE WEDDING.

Everything Connected With the Ceremonies Is Decked In Red.

The Chinese place a significance upon every color, and in connection with a wedding red obtains a deep rooted, mysterious importance, the next bridal color in value being gold. At a betrothal the bridegroom elect sends his sweetheart a pair of bracelets fastened together with a piece of red ribbon or cord. The bride and bridegroom drain two wine cups at the wedding, which are also connected by a red cord. In northern China the attendants wear tall felt hats, and each hat has a red feather stuck upright in it. The attendants also carry the wedding presents. A sedan chair bears the bride herself.

In south China a sedan most wonderfully gilded is used by the wealthy classes, and it is decorated with what appears at first sight to be brilliant inlaid stones, but which are in reality the glossy feathers of the kingfisher. A handsome cloth of glowing red with trimmed border is also thrown over the chair.

In the case of the poorer classes red is also the prevailing bridal color, and a chair of ordinary carved wood, painted a bright red, is used. Above the door of the chair a kind of charm is placarded or hung upon a red cloth. The chair itself is sent by the bridegroom, accompanied by what corresponds to our best man. This functionary brings with him a letter written in yellow or gold upon red paper, praying the lady to enter and take her place.

Men dressed all in red and carrying red parcels containing the presents fall into the procession. Other bearers carry boards and banners, inscribed in golden letters upon a red ground. These banners tell the pedigree of both parties. Behind the bearers come the other attendants, with long poles, on which are hung very handsome lanterns. The bride's veil is of bright crimson hue and her dress regal gold and scarlet.—Wide World.

JACK HORNER.

The Rich Plum That He Extracted From That Christmas Pie.

For the benefit of those who are not quite little folks Agnes Carr Sage, in Lippincott's Magazine, tells the origin and history of some famous nursery stories and rhymes, among them "The Pleasant History of Jack Horner," containing "His Witty Tricks and Pleasant Pranks," for so it is set forth in a very old chapbook, carefully preserved in the Bodleian library.

It appears that this worthy was steward to an abbot of Glastonbury. The good abbot learned that his majesty Henry VIII had seen fit to be indignant because the monks had built a kitchen which he could not burn down. Now, a king's indignation was dangerous and must be appeased. Therefore the abbot sent his steward, Jack Horner, to present the sovereign with a suitable peace offering. It took the form of a big and tempting looking pie, beneath the crust of which the transfer deeds of 12 manors were hidden.

But Master Jack had an eye for the profit of No. 1, and on the road he slyly lifted the crust and abstracted the deeds of the Manor of Wells. On his return, bringing the deeds, he plausibly explained that they had been given to him by the king; hence the rhyme:

> Little Jack Horner
> Sat in a corner (of the wagon),
> Eating his Christmas pie;
> He put in his thumb
> And pulled out a plum (the title deed),
> Saying, "What a brave boy am I!"

"Never be critical upon the ladies," was the maxim of an old Irish peer, remarkable for his homage to the sex. "The only way that a true gentleman ever will attempt to look at the faults of a pretty woman, is to shut his eyes."

The London Standard says the Scottish race is the most clannish, the most ubiquitous, the most pertinacious and the most instinctively coherent in the world.

FISH TRADE TRICKS.

HOW THE PROFESSIONALS LOCATE A "BITING" GROUND.

The Secret of Successful Fishing Off the New Jersey Coast—Marking the Good Spots For Future Catches and Dodging Rivals.

"Got the range, Will?"

"Looks like it, Si."

"See the walnut tree on the hill?"

"Yes; stands about west-northwest."

"And the church steeple sou-sou-west?"

"To the dot. No mistake about that."

"How heads Ladomus' cottage?"

"About due west."

"We ought to be nearly over it now, Will. Stand by to let go when I sing out. Steady, now; steady! Let her rip. Now! Now! Bully boy! Right over the middle of it."

That is how the professional fisherman along the Jersey coast finds his favorite "biting" ground. The latter may be 20 or more fathoms deep, and a dozen or more miles offshore; but, with the aid of such landmarks as trees, steeples and beach cottages, lying in various directions along the strand, these crack surfmen seldom make a mistake in "picking up" the ground sought offshore. It's no easy job this finding of some particularly good fishing ground that has no mark on the chart and is only fixed in the mind of fishermen by study of distances from the shore.

It is a well known fact that fish must be sought. They will not, as a rule, come to the fisherman, be the latter professional or amateur. Sea fish, as well as lake fish, like rocky bottom, and it is over this kind of bottom that the best catches are made. It is no easy task to locate a rocky bed along the Jersey coast, and even with ranges or landmarks one is not always certain to find it on another day's fishing trip. The ranges are manipulated this way:

In an ordinary surfboat, such as the majority of the Jersey fishermen use, the beach line that looks so white and extensive close inshore resembles a white thread at a distance of, say, 15 miles from the land. When the fishermen discover a new ground at or about that distance offshore, they generally pick three marks on land—one north, one south and the third directly to the westward. By bringing these three marks to a convergence the happy hunting ground is located.

As a rule these fishermen are a bit selfish when new grounds are discovered. They conceal the fact as long as possible from one another, for business reasons principally, for there is a ripe competition among these beach combers, and it is only by playing possum and keeping a weather eye open that one learns what his rival sometimes knows.

One day last season a reporter was in one of these surfboats 18 miles offshore from Barnegat. The fisherman in charge of the tiny craft was heading for a rocky bottom as far offshore as he dared to go without compass and provisions. When within a mile or so of the ground, another fisherman and his helper were seen at anchor. They were hauling up whacking big bass as fast as they could throw out, and altogether they seemed to be having a glorious time. After the two boats had separated sufficiently to permit a private conversation the professional in charge of the first mentioned craft said to his shipmate:

"Did you mark it?"

"Yes," answered the other. "The pier's to the westward, the life saving station is to the northward and the cottage of that old crank is to the southward."

"That's the way I made it," replied the first speaker. All this seemed like so much Greek to one of the amateurs in the boat who began to ask questions.

"That's a new ground," said the fisherman. "We didn't know that it existed. Yes, they are catching lots of fish. Why don't I go back and try it? Well, I do not like to imitate people—at least I do not care to let them see me copy them. I'll try it some other day."

It may have been professional pride or etiquette, this sharp bit of practice, but in other walks of life it would be called a trick of the trade. It's done all along the beach. Here's another trick of the trade that a surfman at Belmar taught this landlubberly reporter. There's a schooner that takes city folk from Asbury Park offshore to fish. She was anchored ten miles offshore this particular morning over a newly found ground, and there were half a dozen or more surfboats clustered about her. The biting was first class, but presently one of the big fishing steamboats from the Battery was sighted heading down the beach. There was an interchange of conversation on the part of the professional fishermen, but they suddenly pulled up anchors as if one man and began rowing around.

The schooner weighed her bower also and under her headsails and mainsail reached offshore. Naturally the amateurs wanted to know why a shift should be made, especially as the strikes were unusually lively. "That's the Hal Corster coming down," said one of the fishermen in a half whisper, as if those on the steamboat could hear him, although she was fully two miles away. "We have a good ground here, and we don't want her pilots to find the ranges. She'll keep to the southward, and we'll circle around until she gets out of the way. That's how we save our bacon."

And they did save it too. The steamboat kept to the southward for some little distance and finally, being unable to get the ranges or whatever ground her pilots had in view, came about again and stood to the northward, finally anchoring off Long Branch. She had no sooner done so when the fishing schooner and surfboats, after a mental and ocular struggle with ranges, were back in their original positions, with their amateurs fishing like mischief.—New York Mail and Express.

Handbook of the Tariff.

The understanding of the complicated provisions of the new tariff has been greatly simplified by the issuance of this manual. To digest the tariff law is no easy task, but to digest the food taken into the gastric receptacle is rendered easy by the use of that thorough stomachic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It prevents and cures malarial, kidney and rheumatic trouble, remedies nervousness and insomnia, and removes constipation and biliousness. Appetite, as well as the ability to satify it without subsequent abdominal disturbance, is restored by this fine stomachic, which also accelerates convalescence. Persons in the decline of life, and the infirm of every age and sex, find it of material assistance.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

The sooner a cough or cold is cured without harm to the sufferer the better. Lingering colds are dangerous. Hacking cough is distressing. One Minute Cough Cure quickly cures it. Why suffer when such a cough cure is within reach? It is pleasant to the taste. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Constipation prevents the body from ridding itself of waste matter. DeWitt's Little Early Risers will remove the trouble and cure sick headache, biliousness, inactive liver and clear the complexion. Small, sugar coated, don't gripe or cause nausea. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

A cough is not like a fever. It does not have to run a certain course. Cure it quickly and effectually with One Minute Cough Cure, the best remedy for all ages and for the most severe cases. We recommend it because it's good. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

A BILLY TRAGEDY.

The Duel Between Tom Porter and Sir Henry Bellasis.

Some of the Royalists who were forced to endure the English commonwealth seemed to console themselves for the dullness of life under a Puritan government by fighting as many duels as they could compass, so that squabbles and foolish plots make up the history of their days.

Tom Porter was of a family which had zealously served the king. Under the new government his occupation was gone, and he descended to a triviality of life which finally involved him in a most pathetic event. This was a duel which he fought with his friend, Sir Henry Bellasis, and which, says Pepys in his "Diary," is worth remembering for "the silliness of the quarrel * * * a kind of emblem of the general complexion of the whole kingdom."

But silly as the quarrel undoubtedly was it carried in it an element of heartbreak.

The two young men involved were intimate friends and companions, but one day, "being merry in company," Tom Porter said he should like to see the man in England who would dare give him a blow. With that Sir Henry Bellasis struck him a box on the ear. The inevitable duel followed, wherein each was wounded. Sir Henry proved to be seriously hurt, so he called Porter, kissed him and bade him fly.

"For," said he, "Tom, thou hast hurt me. But I will make shift to stand upon my legs till thou mayst withdraw, for I would not have thee troubled for what thou hast done."

Porter profited by his friend's generosity and escaped to France. Sir Henry died a few days later, and Pepys concludes, "It is pretty to see how the world do talk of them as a couple of fools that killed one another out of love."

SHOPPING IN ITALY.

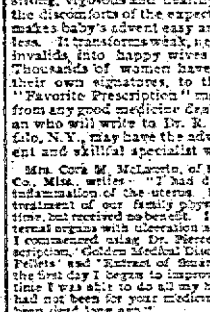
Outlandish Methods That Make It a Most Tiresome Task.

A source of trial is what appears to us the outlandish method of having things that apparently belong together sold in different establishments. Silks are found in one shop, woolens in another and ribbons in a third. At none of these can one buy needles and thread. If a woman wishes to hang a pair of curtains, she purchases the materials at one shop, the rod and rings at a different place, the iron fixtures at a third and has to go to a fourth to find an upholsterer to put them up. She must visit a tobacco shop for salt and cannot find, as with us, vegetables, fruit or bread at a grocer's. It may thus readily be seen that one must travel a good deal to do her marketing or shopping.

Add to all this the confusion incident to the fact that the standards of measure and weight are different from ours, a meter exceeding a yard and a pound containing but 12 ounces, and a faint idea may be formed of the mental complications of the traveler.

There is also a certain amount of beating down to be done in nearly every shop, and even after half an hour's bargaining the purchaser cherishes awful doubts lest she might not have bought the thing cheaper. Shopping is really almost equal to the contemplation of faded frescoes for lowering the mental tone, and it is hard to say which has the more to answer for in the exhausted state in which most travelers leave Italy.—Harper's Bazar.

There are too many firecrackers who imagine they are 13 inch guns in society.—Atchison Globe.



The woman who is weak, nervous, tired and exhausted; who has a poor and variable appetite and no strength or nerve; who suffers from pains and aches, dragging down and burning sensations; and who recognizes, herself, that she has become irritable, cross, blue and despondent, is in almost every case suffering from weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity.

Thousands of women suffer in this way and do not recognize the cause, or if they do understand their condition, neglect it rather than submit to the obnoxious examinations and local treatment insisted upon by the average physician. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a wonderful medicine for women who suffer in this way. It does away with the necessity for these trying ordeals, and may be used in the privacy of the home. It acts directly on the delicate organs concerned, and makes them strong, vigorous and healthy. It banishes the discomforts of the expectant period and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It transforms weak, nervous, petulant invalids into happy wives and mothers. Thousands of women have testified, over their own signatures, to this fact. The "Favorite Prescription" may be procured from any good medicine dealer. Any woman who will write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y., may have the advice of an eminent and skillful specialist without charge.

Mrs. Cora M. McLaurin, of Rockport, Copiah Co., Miss., writes: "I had displacement and inflammation of the uterus. I was under the treatment of our family physician for a long time, but received no benefit. I had falling of internal organs with ulceration and enlargement. I commenced using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, 'Golden Medical Discovery,' 'Pleasant Pellets' and 'Extract of Smart-Weed.' From the first day I began to improve, and in a short time I was able to do all my housework. If it had not been for your medicines I would have been dead long ago."

Stomach and liver troubles with sluggish action of the bowels are cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

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Fire insurance written in the leading companies. Life and Accident Insurance in the most reliable companies of America.

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Of the following first-class manufacturers: A. B. Chase, Bush & Gerts, Malcom Love and Woodward & Brown, sold for cash or on installments.

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Of the very best makes, sold for cash or on installments, at reduced prices.

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Will sell Domestic and Wheeler & Wilson machines hereafter for cash at a

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from the list price of each machine, at my store. Now avail yourselves of this grand offer.

Piano and Organ Instruction Books, Sheet Music, Needles, Oil and all kinds of Fixtures for all kinds of Sewing Machines. Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

Mr. F. W. Burdick, Piano Tuner of Clean, N. Y., will visit Smethport every three months. Please leave orders at my office.

C. A. BURDICK.

Salesroom, Reilly Block,
Smethport, Pa.

FOR 1898

I have received a large invoice of

Wall Paper,

all of the latest designs. Call at the

Furniture Store of Specht & Sasse

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Experienced paper hangers furnished when desired, and all work gurranted.

C. SASSE,
Smethport, Pa.

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Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES. Our Office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office [illegible]

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. [illegible]

A Pamphlet, [illegible]

C.A.SNOW & CO.
Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

The man who wants Battle Ax PLUG can get it anywhere. It is as popular as sunshine and almost as universal. It satisfies that dry taste in the mouth better than anything else, and you can buy a larger piece of Battle Ax for 10c. than of any other kind of high grade quality.

Remember the name when you buy again.

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And then go to
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Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
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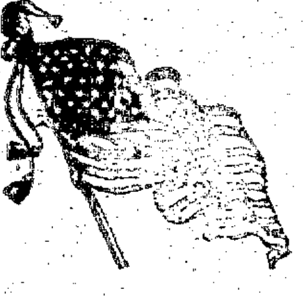
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.



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Leading Modern Clothiers.

The Miner Job Department
IS ALWAYS THE LEADER IN
artistic printing

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taken effect Monday June 16, 1898.

Ar. EASTW'D.			STATIONS.	L'V WESTW'D		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.40	7.08	2.11	Ulysses	7.21	2.30	10.05
8.27	2.10	1.59	Crowell	7.40	2.39	10.15
8.22		1.56	Carpenter		2.41	10.18
8.19		1.52	Perkins		2.44	10.21
8.15	7.02	1.50	N'w'f'ld Junct'n	7.47	2.46	10.25
		1.45	Newfield	7.51	2.50	10.30
7.55	6.54	1.41	Gold	7.55	2.54	10.35
7.50	6.49	1.35	Raymond	7.59	2.59	10.40
7.15	6.29	1.22	Seven Bridg's	8.11	3.11	10.55
7.10	6.37	1.21	Colesburg	8.16	3.16	11.02
7.00	6.29	1.16	Frink's	8.22	3.22	11.01
6.50		1.03	Nor. C'port		3.31	11.27
6.45	6.15	1.00		8.36	3.36	11.30
4.20	7.57	12.52	Coudersport	Ral.	6.07	1.10
		12.50	Hammond			
4.05	7.51	12.44	Olmsted	8.46	6.06	1.27
3.59	7.46	12.40	Mina	8.50	6.10	1.31
3.45		12.31	Knowlton		6.18	
3.43	7.31	12.20	Roulette	9.00	6.21	1.45
3.35	7.20	12.22	Burtville	9.05	6.29	1.55
3.21		12.15	Coleman		6.35	
3.20			Chemical Works			
3.15	7.13	12.10	Port Allegany	9.21	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	Dep't.	Arrive A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Sup't.

Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua Ry.

Time Table taking Effect June 5th, 1898.

LEAVE SMETHPORT.

[illegible] A. M.—Mail and Express, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting with P. & W. Ry. for Foxburg, Butler and Pittsburg.

[illegible] A. M.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt Jewett and Kane.

[illegible] P. M.—Mail and Express, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting at Kane with P. & E. train 4 for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia [illegible] and at Bradford with Erie R. R. train [illegible] for Salamanca, Olean, Hornellsville, Elmira and New York.

Trains arrive [illegible] daily except Sunday [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible] Bradford, Pa.

New England Bakery,
Cor. Main and Union Sts.
FRESH HOME-MADE
Bread
Cookies
Cakes
Pies
SALT RISING BREAD MADE MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS
J. W. PICKERSGILL,
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Leonard Koenig,
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AND
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Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.
Smethport, Penna.

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Practical Horseshoer.

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HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING

of all kinds in a prompt and satisfactory manner.

Special attention to shoeing interfering and sore horses.

A share of your patronage solicited.

John Vanblad,
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THOS. H. CLARK,
(Successor to W. P. Walsh.)
Practical Plumber,
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Bath Tubs, Water Closets, Wash Basins, Gas Stoves, Gas Fixtures, Steel and Tin Roofing, etc. Also Galvanized Conductors and Tin Spouting.
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"That's the kind I'm looking for. I'll order a suit from their agent immediately."

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WHY NOT
get the WEAR as well as the looks when you can have both at the same
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TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

TIME TABLE WESTERN NEW YORK & PENNSYLVANIA

In effect April 10, 189[illegible]

Trains leave Smethport for Larabee, [illegible] Eldred, Olean, Bradford, Rochester and Buffalo as follows:

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday [illegible] a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 12 [illegible] p. m.
Local for Olean, daily except Sunday, 12 [illegible] p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 7:31 p. m. [illegible] at Olean with River Division for Al[illegible] Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont, and points south.

*Clermont Local, daily ex Sunday [illegible] a. m.
Clermont Acc'ton daily ex Sunday 12 [illegible] p. m.
Clermont Acc'ton daily ex Sunday 7 [illegible] p. m.
*Clermont Local connects through to Johnsonburg.

For Larrabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Mail, daily ex sunday 11 [illegible] a. m.
Mail, daily ex sunday connects at Emporium for Philadelphia 6 [illegible] p. m.

Get Time Tables giving full information from A. E. WORMAN, Ticket Agent,
R. BELL, General Sup't,
J. A. FELLOWS, Gen. Pas'r. & T'k't Agt.,
General offices Mooney Brisbane Bldg, Cor. Main and Clinton st. Buffalo N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect May 29, 1898.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:15 a. m.—Train 4, weekdays, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York [illegible] p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington [illegible] p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, weekdays, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 a. m., New York 7:33 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

9:40 p. m.—Train 4, daily, for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:52 a. m., New York 9:[illegible] week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) [illegible] 6:25 a. m., Washington 7:40 a. m. [illegible] sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore. [illegible] sengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Williamsport.

WESTWARD.

6:10 a. m.—Train 9, weekdays, for Erie, [illegible] DuBois Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and [illegible] days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:25 p. m.—Train 15, weekdays, for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS for EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 9 leaves New York 5:30 p. m., Philadelphia 8:50 p. m., Washington 7:30 p. m., Baltimore 8:40 p. m., arriving at Emporium Junction 6:10 a. m., weekdays, with Pullman sleepers and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport.

Train 3, leaves New York 7:40 p. m., Philadelphia 11:20 p. m., Washington 10:[illegible], Baltimore 11:50 p. m., daily arriving at Emporium June. 10:25 a. m., with Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport, on Sundays only, Pullman sleeper Philadelphia to Erie.

Train 15 leaves Philadelphia 8:30 a. m., Washington 7:50 a. m., Baltimore 8:50 a.m., Wilkesbarre 10:15 a. m., weekdays, arriving at Emporium Junction 6:25 p. m. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Phil'a to Kane.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.
Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS.	SOUTH
A. M. Lv.		Ar. A. M.
8 55	Ridgway	11 [illegible]
9 10	Johnsonburg	11 30
9 2[illegible]	Bendigo	11 20
9 [illegible]	Glen Hazel	11 1[illegible]
9 30	Straight	11 04
9 4[illegible]	Instanter	11 00
9 48	Smith's Run	10 53
9 53	Woodvale	10 48
10 00	Clermont	10 40
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:38 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:[illegible] p. m. and at Ridgway with train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway

THE SHORT LINE

On and after July 3, 1898, passenger trains between Buffalo, Rochester, Salamanca, Bradford, Ridgway, DuBois, Punxsutawney and the Coal and Lumber Regions of Pennsylvania will leave Bradford and Mt. Jewett, daily except Sunday, as follows:

LEAVE BRADFORD—EAST-BOUND.

8.10 a. m.—Buffalo & Rochester Express—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Orden, Buffalo, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy and Rochester.

1.50 p. m.—Mail—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy, and Rochester.

4.25 p. m.—Buffalo Express—Daily. For Limestone, Carrollton, Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden and Buffalo.

LEAVE MT. JEWETT—SOUTH-BOUND.

7 57 a. m.—Accommodation—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

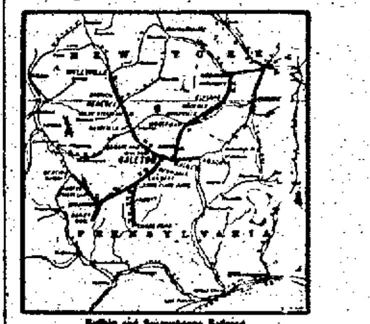
1.41 p. m.—Mail—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

Thousand Mile Tickets, good for passage between all stations, at two cents per mile.

For time tables and full information call on or address any of the Company's agents, or

L. R. McINTYRE, Agent Bradford, Pa.
EDWARD C. LAPEY: Gen'l Passenger Agent, Rochester, N.Y.

Popular Scenic Route



Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad and Connections.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA RAILROAD.

Condensed time table in effect June 6, 1898.

Read up.				Read down.		
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
8 55	7.38	12.25 ar	Keating S't lv		12.4[illegible]	[illegible]
8.10	7.08	12.00	Austin	6.40	1.0[illegible]	[illegible]
	7.00	11.53	Costello	6.47	1.1[illegible]	
	6.46	11.41	Wharton	6.59	1.2[illegible]	
	6.00	10.56	Cross Fork Jct	7.44	2.0[illegible]	
	5.31	10.29	Corbett	8.11	2.3[illegible]	
	5.20	10.18	Germania	8.22	2.4[illegible]	
	5.13	10.12 lv	Galeton ar	8.28		
P.M.	A.M.					
7.10	12.55	10.00 ar	Galeton lv	8.38	2.5[illegible]	
6.55	12.41	9.42	Gaines	8.53	[illegible]	
6.30	12.17	9.00	Sabinsville	9.21	3.3[illegible]	
6.19	12.06	8.52	Westfield	9.33	3.4[illegible]	
6.06	11.50	8.30	Knoxville	9.47	3.5[illegible]	
5.55	11.41	8.07	Osceola	9.58	4.0[illegible]	
5.51	11.38	7.58	Elkland	10.03	4.1[illegible]	
5.15	11.05	7.15 lv	Addison ar	10.34	4.4[illegible]	
P.M.	A.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	
	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	
	5.10	10 00 ar	Galeton lv	6.30	1.0[illegible]	
	4.51	9.41	Walton	6.47	1.2[illegible]	
	4.27	9.17	Newfield Jct.	7.13	1.5[illegible]	
	4.00	8.50	West Bingham	7.30	2.0[illegible]	
	3.58	8.48	Genesee	7.41	2.1[illegible]	
	3.53	8.43	Shongo	7.46	2.2[illegible]	
	3.30	8.20 lv	Wellsville ar	8.06	2.3[illegible]	
	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	
	4 40	10.10 ar	Galeton lv	8.15	2.0[illegible]	
	4.20	9.56	Gaines	8.43	2.2[illegible]	
	3.50	9.38 lv	Ansonia ar	9.15	3.0[illegible]	
	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	
	2 00	7.30 ar	Cross Fork Jct lv	11.00	6.00	
	1.00	6 30 lv	Cross Fork ar	12.00	7.00	

N. B.—Train leaves Keating Summit at [illegible] a. m., arriving at Austin at 9:20 a. m.

All trains daily except Sunday.

CONNECTIONS.

At Keating S't with W. N. Y. & P. union station.
At Ansonia with F. B. R'y union station.
At Newfield Jct. with C. & P. A. union station.
At Genesee with N. Y. & P. union station.
At Addison with Erie R.R. union station.
At Wellsville with Erie R. R.

H. C. UNDERHILL, Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Buffalo, N.Y.
C. W. GOODYEAR, Gen'l Manager, Buffalo, N. Y.
W. W. ATWOOD, Superintendent, Addison, N. Y.
W. C. PARK, Superintendent, Austin, Pa.

ST. MARYS & SOUTHWESTERN R. R.

To take effect at 6 o'clock a.m., Monday, August 9, 1897.

South			Stations		North	
2:20	......		Clermont		1:45	......
2:24	......		Chatham		1:40	......
2:50	......		Wildwood		1:14	......
3:01	......		North Fork		1:03	......
3:11	......		Kay Fork		12:53	......
3:14	......		Gray Gables		12:50	......
3:30	......	Ar	St. Marys	Lv	12:35	
	7:40	Lv		Ar	11:00	7:05
3:35	7:45		Kaul		10:55	[illegible]
3:42	7:51		Deusch		10:49	[illegible]
3:48	7:54		Groll		10:41	[illegible]
3:56	8:06		Gillen		10:29	[illegible]
4:00	8:10		Paine		10:25	[illegible]
4:06	8:15		Centreville		10:21	[illegible]
4:14	8:24		Dagus Crossing		10:16	[illegible]
4:24	8:30		Shelvey Summit		10:06	[illegible]
4:30	8:36		Cuneo		9:58	[illegible]
4:35	8:40		Thompson		9:53	[illegible]
4:38	8:43		Curry		9:48	[illegible]
4:44	8:49		Brandy Camp		9:43	[illegible]
4:46	8:51		Elbon		9:40	[illegible]
4:50	8:55		Hyde		9:34	[illegible]
5:10	9:10		Shawmut		9:15	[illegible]
p.m.	a.m.				a.m.	[illegible]

NEW
WAGON and CARRIAGE
SHOP.
Having purchased the wood work department of C. W. Lilgendahl, I am prepared to do all kinds of
WAGON and CARRIAGE WORK.
CARRIAGE PAINTING done in latest style.
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